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[For the Register.]

IDEA OF THE FATHER.

ITS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENTS.

It has been maintained that amidst the mythologies which ancient literature has preserved to us, there has been always the central belief in one absolute and Supreme Divinity. Among the Hindoos, probably among all nations of the East, the same belief is affirmed also to exist. Nor is it unlikely that a complete knowledge of all the forms in which the religious sentiment has appeared, would bring evidence of a similar apprehension on the part of really thinking men among all nations, through all ages. The great distinction of the Jewish records is two-fold; a more thorough enunciation of the truth itself, and a higher expression of the Divine Nature. Through the mazes of Eastern and Western mythology, we have to wind our dark way toward the great conception of One God; and then we find it obscured and embarrassed by thousand shadows and obstructions; the most ancient Scriptures of the Hebrews, on the contrary, bring it out into clear and unembarrassed utterance. Nor have ever the deepest oracles of ancient or modern vision surpassed the simple grandeur of the Divine Name spoken by Moses,—I AM. To which we may add also, as the probably universal fact, that with greater or less clearness the One Supreme Essence has been conceived as Paternal. The Grecian and the Roman indeed felt this idea so strongly as to have brought the word *zeus* into near connexion, the latter into one word, with Pater, or father; nor is anything more common than the designation of the Highest as Father of Gods and Men. The Parent—as Horace, expressing not more his own belief than the accumulated sentiment of the times past and then present, affirms,—by whom the things of men and gods, by whom sea and earths, and the world in its changeful hours, are ordered; whence nothing greater is generated than himself, nor grows anything like or second:—a sentiment, if not innate in the very existence of the soul, yet at the least corresponding to its deepest wants and its highest aspirations, and gaining to itself some expression in most, probably in all, of the forms in which religion has sought to body itself forth. The Scandinavians, we are told, "believed in one supreme, eternal and omnipotent being—Alfaden—to whom they assigned no origin, and respecting whose nature and attributes they presumed not to conjecture."—"God could proceed only from the all-wise Alfaden."

The error of the Jews was not in their claim of God as Father, but in the narrowness of the claim,—in making him to their minds parent of a particular nation, of a people distinguished by qualities altogether undivine, instead of acknowledging his universal fatherhood, especially as revealed at last in its most perfect image.

Christianity found the idea pre-existing, which has become to many minds its grand distinction. In historical existence, indeed; in the filial life, which is perfect correspondence with the paternal, in the communication of the soul which the spirit fills, nay, we may say, inbreathes; the Father is shown. The secret of the universe, which had been whispered in numberless intimations, is uttered aloud. The mystery, never all a mystery, has become open.

Nor only in the historic fact. If there is One Son, the Beloved, in whom the Father dwells and from whom his glory shines; yet so far as his inspiration reaches and the Divine Presence therein manifested to the soul, there is generated a new consciousness. The disciple, filled with the Spirit, exclaims, I likewise am Son; God is also my Father. He dwells in me, I dwell in him. Of his nature I am made partaker. So the outward fact of One, the Son of God, is expression, as well as instrument, of the inward consciousness, wherein the soul raises itself forever to the Father.

But it is not natural for the Son to begin with philosophical investigations of the Parental nature and of his relations to it. The spontaneous life it has imparted; the free joyous activities in which it is now overflowing; the serene sphere in which it forever lives:—these are enough for the present hour. "The Grecians always young," is an ancient description of the people whose productions are still fresh and youthful; equally we might say, regarding the higher development which Christianity produced, 'The first disciples always young'—They did not theorize, but live. They loved rather than thought. In the great fact which had been testified to them, and in which they fully believed, they saw malignant and darkening influences rolling away from their horizon, and perceived only the Image of Love, the Father's manifested Presence. Jewish Geennas, Grecian Hades and Tarbanes, Scandinavian Hells, demons and wrathful gods, waiting for mischief, delighting in punishment, give place to brighter visions. I have sometimes dreamed dark dreams; I have stood in them on the sharp edge of battle ere it joined, or wandered, the midnight around me, in a deeper midnight of the soul, how little beauty, what great sadness and gloom; alone, in awful solitude,—with others, nothing to soothe, but all the more to depress the heavy spirit; and when the very fear or morning dawn awoke me, I rejoiced it was but dream, and nature is still fair, and life still open to the kindlier influences. So then; the midnight dream had gone, leaving the spirit free within the encircling love of the Father. We wonder not they lived, and loved, and rejoiced, content with the blissful fact which filled them. It was natural they should be children always, sporting on the shore while over it, and over the vast ocean it bordered, paternal love lay like the morning. Such the first Christian age.

Infancy and childhood must pass. It is well they must—Man is perfect never but through wandering the whole circle of his existence. The time comes at length for thought; the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, these are vast, absolutely immeasurable problems. Then, there are skeptics, unbelievers, slanderers. The slander must be repelled, the enmity surmounted, the unbelief convinced, the skepticism answered. Christianity, the Idea of the Father, must be stated as the exigency demands. To be stated, it must be likewise investigated. The tongue must speak, the pen write, the mighty truth; but the intellect must first come to it with the affection. And as they think, diversities of thought must appear: questions will arise, dividing Christians themselves. A Sabellius, an Arius, an Athanasius, are inevitable necessities. They have not yet come to the habit of personal introspection, which afterwards appears, as in Augustine's Confessions and all confessions of a kindred type; neither of their vices nor of their virtues do they yet think with conscious self-reflection; their thoughts centre and rest on the objects which the Apostolic message has presented, and which primitive gospels describe. Whence, as through the antagonisms of opinion touching the new developments of history, they pass to the investigation of what had previously been a hymn, a praise, a prayer, it is not the Divine Fatherhood in its universal laws and in its relations to mankind so much as in its intrinsic essence, and its relations to the Nature itself of which it is affirmed. The consequence is, that the idea from vital, quickening, attractive, joyous, becomes dogmatic, thence dead, a very element of schism and anathema: Not the Father, verbally confessed as this is, and so lover, of mankind; but First and Originant Person in the Triad, generating within his own Being a Second Person.—Such the second Christian period.

Accept the fact then as it is. Ask not how it might have been better, whether on the whole it could have been better at all. Take what has been given to us in the process; and see what it really amounts to. The One God, than whom other is not, revealed as Father: Father, however, the church is saying, in relation to the Person incarnated in an individual man. Constantly to be sure, but still faintly does the Church declare that revelation in a broader extent; but on the more transcendant aspect it chiefly fixes its own eye, directing thither the contemplation of all men. The forms which it has assumed may be reduced to three; the Catholic, represented by Athanasius, wherein the Paternity, correlative with an eternal sonship, is a generation before all worlds of the Second Person; and the two denounced as heretical, of which the one is represented by Arius, eliminating the idea of eternity; the other, by Socinius, distinguished by ascribing to Jesus Christ simply the nature of man elevated by divine gifts and inspirations. To which we may add the doctrine regarded as constituant of the society which seeks to fulfil the promise of the New Jerusalem, presenting the Father as Soul whereof the human form of Jesus Christ is Body, and uniting in this form the Divine and the Human as one Person. The great idea, however dimly seen, however imperfectly expressed, may be found in each. The Father producing and filling with his own life the Man by whom he is perfectly imaged. As essential quality from the seed developing itself in the multiform growths of the vegetable kingdom; as seminal virtue from the parent appearing through reproductions of animal existence; as human nature renewing itself through successions of generations; so in unbroken continuity from its unseen source, the Divine unfolds itself in the man it filled and made one with its own nature.—Such the prominent theological representations of the Father.

In and through this communication of God it has never been denied, nor even wholly forgotten, that he is also Father, at the least, of some portion of mankind. At the same time, the relation has been limited, and moreover to no small extent dehumanized. Severed from man, thrones in distant and inaccessible isolation, and holding communication with our race only through an intermediate Person, he has naturally appeared other than human: the conception of absolute power has absorbed the whole idea; he has been viewed as the monarch rather than the Parent; and when they have said Father, they have seemed to mean Sovereign, not to say, Despot. Prometheus in the old drama charges on his supreme god a subjection of the right to his own will. Not without reason; and Christian Theology has sometimes given occasion to a similar charge against the Divinity it declares. As if rectitude could depend on any will or power! As if it were individual, not universal and impersonal; as if derived, not itself eternal; as if mutable, not among changeful things the sole immutable. This very isolation of God from humanity, leading to such fearful conceptions of arbitrary dominion, may have connected itself on the other side with some true service. Human nature, every one knows, has two conflicting tendencies within it, the Divine and the Demoniac, the celestial and the infernal, the human and the brutal. Suppose an age in which the lower elements are predominant; in which lust, pride, and cruelty rage, the very offspring and embodiment of evil, set on fire from beneath and creating an outer darkness, mistaken for light, in which they project themselves into all monstrous shapes rejoiced in as beautiful,—the divine, the celestial, the human, meantime, suppressed and hidden: In such an age, it is easy to see, the conception of God as Father might be readily distorted, nay, converted to terrible falsehood. This, life and virtue of the Divinity! These brutal lusts, this overbearing pride, these enormous cruelties, come they from the Parent of the Universe! Then is that Parent their prototype and source; demon, not god; infernal, not celestial; symbolized by darkest brutality rather than by brightest quality of man. The universe is governed by bestial tyrant, not by paternal love. When the Jews were such, they were declared to have other than God for their Father: Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. Only as man rises into the sphere of those elements which are truly godlike, can he become conscious of God as his Father; only as the filial love which forever develops itself in brotherly kindness and universal charity, penetrates and fills him, can he discern the primitive essence it mirrors to the soul, and therein worship the Father.

Therefore it is well, that this great idea has so long, through ages of sin and darkness, attached itself so closely, almost exclusively, to the fact of Christianity. Men have been selfish, proud, envious; one form of unselfish philanthropy, of sublimest humility, of unbounded sympathy with joy and with sorrow, has assured them that this alone is divine. Men have rushed into hottest strife, of tongue, of pen, of hand, in private, in public, in the family, the neighborhood, the church, the state; through all one calm and peaceful aspect has looked on them from the majestic past, beaming forth the love which quickens and unites all things. Men have plunged into all darkness of sin; the heavens obscure above, geënna fires darting, flashing, lurid, scathing, from beneath; nothing has wholly concealed the one Image of the Father: clouds have swept over it, as we sometimes see them sweep across the sun's disk, nay, may have laid thick and heavy above us, as in some tempestuous day; but through them the sun has never ceased to pour light from its own everlasting fountains. And fast as man walks in that light, leaving behind him the abysses of his sin, and lifting his eye to the heavens, and treading with calm heart and loving eye and kindly hand the path it opens and illumines, so fast will he see the Fatherhood of the Supreme unlimited by personal bounds, broad as mankind. He shall see the First-Born not alone, but encircled by multitudes of brethren: he shall be blessed beyond word or thought in communion with the great family in heaven and on earth, in silent obedience or in strains of melody floating through the universe, serving the Father.

T. T. S.

[For the Register.]

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF PUBLIC LANDS TO ACTUAL SETTLERS.

Should the petition presented by Mr. Webster be granted, one step will be taken toward the reformation of those bands of outlaws which infest our country, and who will shortly become as formidable as they have been, and are, in European governments. Should this boon be granted, it would be useless, unless sums should be raised to supply them with the means of cultivating the land thus bestowed. If every one were to subscribe in proportion to his ability, this difficulty would be easily overcome,—nor should our citizens be reluctant to comply with this requisition, when they reflect that by so doing, they will not only perform the duty required, but they will be released from many public burdens, namely,—from the expense of erecting prisons, work-houses, with other restraints for the prevention of crime and remorse; we should be freed from our perpetual apprehension of incendiaries, robbers, and thefts of every description—for, as these poor beings must live, they will strive to take by force what nature demands. It should be had in remembrance that our Lord commanded his disciples to go first to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and this command cannot be misunderstood, as he exemplified what he taught, by devoting himself to save his people from impending destruction, during the whole of his mortal life. His last command, namely,—to preach the gospel to all the world, was not given until he could no longer teach in Jerusalem, or in any way influence the destiny of the Jews. Those disciples who received the command to preach the gospel to all the world, were also commissioned to raise the dead, cast out devils, &c.; unquestionably they were thus gifted in proof of their divine mission. These gifts, however, do not appear to have been conferred on our modern missionaries. We cannot, therefore, wonder, that a failure in these miraculous powers should occasion the ill-success had in foreign missions—albeit these have been in operation for so many years. Hence, then, is it not the duty of all true Christians to follow the command and example of Jesus, first, to administer to the wants of our people, for which, moreover, we have ample instructions in scripture? The great amount of sums spent in Foreign Missions, which in reference to the tenets taught, and the plan pursued, promise no result of any importance, except to the immediate recipients of these contributions, would amply supply the wants of multitudes of those suffering beings, who are now perishing with want and disease, and are daily accumulating by the addition of other outcasts from society, and whose wretched offspring are ushered into life, without any means of subsisting, but by crimes of every description. Nor should our sympathy be withheld by their deeds of atrocity, as in many instances they have been induced to follow this mode of subsistence, by the injustice and perfidy of those in whom they have confided, and who shelter themselves by the perversion of our laws. This may, in many instances, induce a feeling which authorizes them to retaliate on society for the wrongs they suffer.

FAMILY PRAYER.

Some among you may perhaps tell me, that you cannot well manage to gather your families together of a morning. Be it so. It would not take up much time. After a few days trial, you would probably find that you met together for prayer just as easily and naturally as for meals; and when you had spent a few minutes in prayer, and had called down God's blessing on your labor, how differently, with how much lighter heart, would you go forth to your labor, instead of going forth as you do now, with no other thought than that of the wearisome burden of the day!

Or if the father of the family goes out too early the mother may gather her children together and offer up a prayer in the midst of them, before she sends them to school. Of an evening too at any rate, you have plenty of time on your hands. Every evening, before you lie down to take your rest beneath the shelter of the same roof, before you close your eyes and fold up your thoughts in sleep, you may kneel down together, and pray to God to shelter you and yours with the overshadowing wings of his love, and to watch over you with his all-seeing eye, while you are unable to watch over yourselves. Every evening you may pray that God will forgive whatever he has seen amiss in you and yours during the past day, and that he will give you understanding to know his will, and grace to keep it, and that he will bless you with refreshing and comfortable sleep, and be with you in your down-lying and in your uprising.

Surely this is little to ask of you. This however is the very least that can be asked—a mere grain of dust in comparison with the pearl above all price which you are seeking thereby—namely, that once a day, at the least, you gather your family together—they who can do so twice a day are without excuse if they do not—and that you offer up some simple prayer with one voice and one heart to God. You who are married, and have nothing but infant children, should do so along with your wives; for remember, so gracious is our Lord, his promise is, to be with those who are gathered together in his name, even if there are but two of them. You should pray to God along with your wives, to sanctify and bless your marriage, and to enable you to bring up your children in his faith and in his glory. You who have children old enough to understand what you say, should make them kneel down along with you that they may be trained from their childhood to behold parents daily kneeling in the presence of the living God, and seeking the communion of his Son. Then may you truly hope that they will be like olive branches round about your table, emblems of peace like olive branches, and flowing with the oil of gladness. You, again, who have servants, should call them to share in your prayers. It is such a burden for a man to have command, to have to be waited on by another. Let there at least be one moment in the day when this burden is cast off, when the difference is lost sight of, and you all kneel down together as brethren in sin and brethren in grace, praying each one for the other, and that each may discharge his duty to the other. Surely, if we will not do this much, we can never have said in our hearts: *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.* Surely if we will not do this much, we cannot be clusters of the true Vine; we cannot hope that our families will be among those clusters with which the Vine will adorn itself, when it spreads out its branches through the firmament, and the stars shall drop from their spheres to crown the heads of Christ's saints. Alas, our families are more likely to be among the clusters of the vine of the earth, spoken of in the Revelation (xiv. 18,) which the angel shall gather with his sharp sickle, and shall cast into the great wine-press of the wrath of God. [Archdeacon Hare.

Senator Clemens, Southern Slaves, and Northern Manufacturers.

It will be remembered by our readers that Mr. Clemens, of Alabama, made a very violent and foolish speech, in which he placed those who labor in our Northern manufactories below the slaves on Southern plantations. He was replied to, by Mr. Hale, in a speech admirable alike for its point and good temper. It was so satisfactory, that the mechanics and manufacturers of Dover, N. H., met and passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Hale for his manly, and effective defence of Northern operatives. This has roused still further the indignation of Mr. Clemens, who responds to the resolutions in the following letter, whose questions show, if nothing else, that Mr. Clemens is entirely incompetent to understand the nature of free institutions, or the influence on mind and character of free labor.

MR. Z. D. WALLINGFORD:—

I have received the resolutions purporting to have been adopted by the "mechanics and manufacturers" of Dover, N. H.

"In declaring that a system of white slavery existed at the North far more odious than the black slavery at the South, I did not mean to express the opinion that mechanics and manufacturers were slaves; on the contrary, I meant that they were masters. I alluded to the operatives—to the day laborers, as a class who are subjected to a horrid tyranny, compared with which the condition of the Southern slave is happy indeed. I made the statement upon New England authority. I repeat, now, what I said in my place in the Senate; and I shall continue so to do until it is refuted by something more reliable than senseless resolutions, adopted by the very men most interested in suppressing the truth.

If you will answer the following interrogatories, it will be something more to the purpose than unmeaning eulogies upon the "moral and intellectual culture" of your laborers:—

1. What is the daily pay of a laborer, of each class, in a new England factory? and at what age are children taken from their parents and put to work?
2. Is it not true that one manufacturer will not employ a laborer dismissed by another?
3. How many hours each day do they actually work?
4. Does the manufacturer take care of them when sick, or pay for medical attendance?
5. How many annually pass from the factory to the poor house?
6. Do you allow any one to visit a factory girl without a written permission from a male overseer?
7. Who takes care of the operative when old age or infirmity comes upon him?

In addition to the foregoing answer—What is the kind and quantity of the food they consume? —and I shall need nothing more to prove my assertion.

I alluded to the Northern laborers in a spirit of commiseration, and I meant nothing harsh or unkind to them. There is nothing which I would not gladly attempt to alleviate their condition. I spoke of their taskmasters with scorn, and alluded to the hypocrisy which makes their whole existence a lie, as I thought it deserved.

Mr. Hale, whom you endorse, expressed the opinion that no man would like to tell the factory operatives in a New England village that they were slaves. Possibly not. Certainly I should not, for any offensive purpose; but if, by so doing, I could rouse them to a sense of the injustice and fraud which are practiced upon them—if I could devise a mode of redressing their grievances—it would require something more terrible than either his or your anger to stop my speech. Wherever the sons or the daughters of toil are to be found, my sympathies are with them; and I detest the cold, calculating, selfish tyrant who feeds upon them, no matter whether he abides in a palace or a factory.

JERE. CLEMENS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1850.

The above letter would in itself be of no consequence except as it illustrates the influence of slavish ideas both on those who happen to be masters and those who happen to be slaves. It has, however, the great incidental merit of having drawn forth the following capital reply to Mr. Clemens from one of these miserable operatives, for whom he entertains such feelings of commiseration.

To the Hon. Jere. Clemens:

DEAR SIR,—I read, yesterday, with considerable interest, in the Boston Atlas, your letter to Z. S. Wallingford, upon the subject of the factory operatives of the North. What the resolutions of the Dover "Mechanics and Manufacturers" which called it forth were, I have not had an opportunity of knowing, but can readily imagine what may have been their tenor under the circumstances.

Now I have passed about three-fifths of my life in about the factories of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and having occupied all sorts of stations connected with these establishments, from that of bobbin boy to that of agent and superintendent, I feel competent to afford some information, even to a member of Congress, upon the subject of factory life and factory operatives. You may reply, that being a "master," I am interested in suppressing the truth. Perhaps I can present the *facilities* for suppressing the truth in Massachusetts upon such a subject, and the consequent probability of my attempting to do it, in a clear light, in no better way than to give briefly a few historical facts in relation to factory operatives among my acquaintance—and it may also serve to answer one of your questions to a certain extent, as to "who takes care of the operative when old age or infirmity comes upon him." The sort of distinction which you seem to imagine exists between operatives and "mechanics and manufacturers," will also be very well illustrated by this course.

About twenty-two years ago, a boy of thirteen left a very poor home in a town half a dozen miles from Lowell, with a prospect of finding employment in the latter place, in a West India goods cellar. He had been brought up by a grandmother who supported herself and him chiefly by hand spinning and weaving. The education he possessed had been acquired by three months' schooling per year, since his arrival at a suitable age to attend school, and consisted of a rather superficial knowledge of "the three R's." He went to Lowell;—but after being employed a few weeks in the store before mentioned, he was found, I suppose, to be too *green* for that vocation and was dismissed with a dollar (his first one) as a reward for his services. During these few weeks, however, he had become acquainted with some of the boys employed in the mills, and by their assistance got a place as bobbin boy, at 42 cents per day, in one of the Merrimac Co's Mills. In the course of the next two years he became successively a "cotton bug," or lap boy in a carding room, then card stripper, and then spare hand, or hand of all work—in the same room. After that he spent two years in a printing office as an apprentice; then he went off on a whaling voyage, but after a six months' trial of this business, concluded he "could do better," and came home to Lowell and entered the Merrimac Co.'s repair shop as an apprentice. He spent the following years in the shop and in the mills, as an apprentice, until 1838, when he was appointed overseer of a weaving room. He filled that place in several of the Lowell mills until 1847,—having in the mean time married an operative, and been elected as a representative to the State Legislature—when he left to take charge of a factory repair shop near Manchester, N. H. He soon left that place to become superintendent of the Waltham mills, and lastly, was about two years ago appointed agent and superintendent for another manufacturing corporation.

The above is my own history, but I give it in no spirit of boasting. It is the history of scores —of a score almost of my own acquaintances and associates—so far as it relates to factory life. Allow me to enumerate some to whom this statement will apply, more than half of whom being men with whom I have myself wrought at the shop bench, or carried yarn and "fixt" machinery in the mill. They are agents or superintendents, or both, for the following manufacturing companies—among the largest in New England: Amoskeag New Mills, Stark Mills, Manchester Mills and Print Works, Amoskeag Co.'s Machine Shop, Nashua Co., Jackson Co., Dwight Co., Perkins Co., Globe Mill, Salmon Falls Co., Kennebec Manufacturing Co., the late agent of the Lancaster Mills Co., Clinton Co., Lancaster Quilt Co., Merrimac Manufacturing Co., Massachusetts and Prescott Mills, Boott Mills, and Boston Manufacturing Co. These men are receiving salaries of from $1200 to $3000 per year. Almost without an exception they have married factory operatives also.—They are among the most successful to be sure, but they constitute but an insignificant fraction of the number of factory operatives who are more likely to be *independent* of charity when "old age or infirmity comes upon them," than any other class of persons in the community, (and this independence, I take it, is preferable to the ministrations of the kindest of southern masters.)

A few years ago, when I was an overseer in Lowell, I was one of a class of four who were in the habit of meeting at each other's boarding places for recitations in geometry. One of the other three was a laborer in a cloth room, at one dollar per day, the two others were operatives in spinning rooms, at a dollar and a quarter per day. Two of the class are now agents for respectable manufacturing companies, a third is an overseer in a spinning room, and the cloth room laborer is a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in a Kentucky College, with a factory operative for his wife.

Now, the factories of New England contain hundreds of just such men at the present time—some of them performing the lowest, and some the highest grades of labor. This article will be read by great numbers of them—in my own village, even—and is it likely that I shall dare to misrepresent the facts concerning their condition? As an instance of what is going on daily, almost, I may mention that one of the overseers employed by me, (and who had for many years been an operative,) some eight or ten months since, joined a company of three others—one a carpenter, another a spinner, and the third a shopkeeper—formed a partnership, hired a mill, and are now manufacturing for themselves, and quite successfully. This overseer's successor, now in my employment—having previously been an operative, (a hand weaver at one time)—is to leave me next week to go to Paterson, New Jersey, as a superintendent of a mill. The person who is to succeed him, was, a few years since, a bobbin boy in a Lowell mill, and will, I doubt not, in a few years, "follow in the footsteps of his predecessors."

I have spoken of *overseers* as distinct from *operatives*, in accordance with a common mode of expression; but, in truth, every overseer who is fit for his business, is an operative also—if by operative is meant one who has manual labor to perform himself, in contra-distinction to one who directs the labor of others. The business of an overseer is not merely to hire, discharge, and govern help, but to repair and adjust machinery, and assist and instruct those who attend upon it. The overseer labors hours every day at precisely the same work which his girls do, only that his part of it is that which, by disarrangement of machinery, or carelessness or unskilfulness of the operative, has become too difficult for the ordinary attendant upon the machine to do. He is, in fully half the cases, the hardest working operative in the mill.

The girls employed under the direction of an overseer, were, it may be, his playmates at school—they are now his associates and friends. They visit at his house, board with him, meet him at social parties. From among them he takes his wife—among them are his sisters and other connexions. "Horrid tyranny!" indeed! My dear sir, the factory girls of Lowell will laugh at you. We may possibly get a fool into the situation of overseer, but it is rarely done—the previous training and trials prevent that—as an overseer is selected from among the operatives and artisans about a mill, as you would select a suitable object for promotion from among a ship's crew or company of soldiers. Merit, real or supposed, determines the choice. And none but a fool would be guilty of tyranny under the circumstances which exist, for his authority as well as tyranny would of necessity be short-lived. An overseer's success depends more than on any other one thing upon his popularity with operatives. The supply of help is generally short; great competition exists between different rooms or mills, and such is the state of things at Lowell, that notwithstanding the restrictions which you imagine exist with regard to girls changing from one employer to another, I have known more than one full set of operatives to leave a room in the course of three months, for no other cause than dissatisfaction with the "going of the work," i. e. because from poor staple or imperfect preparation the yarn happened to become more tender than usual. And the books of the Merrimac Co. will prove all I say. Now, this being true, you can readily see how poorly a cross or unaccommodating overseer would fare. His help leave him, his machines stop, he falls behind his competitors in quantity and quality of work, and eventually he is dismissed.

In another letter I will reply definitely to your questions. I conclude this, with asking you most respectfully, in what the factory operatives of the North, as portrayed in the above, will compare unfavorably with Southern slaves or "their masters?"

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
C. W. BLANCHARD.

A spare and simple diet contributes to the prolongation of life.

If a jewel be genuine, no matter who says it is counterfeit.

A HINT TO PREACHERS.

When the valorous and enthusiastic Mrs. Headrigg was exhorting her son Cuddie to steadfastness in the cause of the Covenant, and beseeching him "not to sully the marriage garment," the reply of the more carnal and worldly-minded offspring was, "Awa, awa, mither!

. . . . Ye're bleezing awa about marriage, and the job is how we are to win (escape) hanging." In somewhat of the same spirit, we fear, is the mass of men prepared to repel the addresses of the preacher. Immersed in pressing cares, supremely concerned about the "job" actually in hand, they are apt to turn with impatience from one who has an air of being abstracted from such matters, and who, as they think, comes in amidst the urgent necessities of their every day existence with exhortations and phraseology which they feel to be utterly foreign to the business in which they are deeply interested. The obvious way to get the better of this is for the preacher, along with the use of a less technical language, to show the connections between religion and the commonest interests of life—to start from a sympathy with the human wants, and fears, and anxieties of the thronging world around him, and, by easy stages, carry men's minds upwards to higher and holier considerations—to reflect the light of things eternal upon the material interests of time, and to borrow from things temporal a reason and an impulse towards those which are divine. But to do this on any extended scale the preacher must have a large acquaintance with, and sincere interest in, the prevailing tendencies of his cotemporaries. He must know what the men around him are chiefly thinking of—what winds of doctrine are curling the surface of society, and affecting the current of opinions in the world—what are the peculiar forms in which the old hostility of the human heart to the truth of God is clothing itself, and what the peculiar weapons with which it is waging its ancient warfare. He must be skilled to detect the symptoms which afford a diagnosis of the peculiar disorders under which the latent poison that has infected our race is manifesting its ever-constant, but ever-changing action. He must be a patient and a pitying listener to the utterances, however fretful and however unreasonable, which proclaim the felt uneasiness and wants of the age, and know somewhat of the fit response to give to each.

In short, whatever delight he, as a scholar or meditative thinker, may have in the past or the future, he must, as a teacher, strive to be a man of the present. His own age is the proper sphere of his activity; in it must be his working, for it is of it he must render his account at last. To know it, therefore, that so he may fitly speak to it, should be the prime ambition and chief effort of his life. [British Quarterly Review.

JUDGE HOWE.

[From an interesting sketch of this man's life, by Rev. Rufus Ellis, we extract a few paragraphs.]

But it was not the will of God that Judge Howe should long enjoy the religious privileges for which he had so faithfully struggled. His constution was never firm, and from boyhood his intellectual ardor had carried him far beyond his strength. He pushed the study of his profession to the utmost verge of his ability. Books of law often found their way to his office in the country, from beyond the sea, sooner than they were obtained in the law-offices of the city practitioners. "I have heard him," said Chief-Justice Parker, "discuss questions which agitated the English courts, before they were generally known here to have been mooted." The duties of instruction, as he performed them, were very exhausting, yet he did not decline other cares, but maintained a lively interest in the cause of general education and in every good work; he was the friend of the sick and the bearer of religious consolation to the bed of death. His aged father died in in 1826, and from the commencement of the year 1827 his own health sensibly declined.—Through life he had been afflicted with the most exhausting headaches,—indeed almost every effort at the bar was followed by suffering of this sort,—and this year began with violent attacks, from which he did not recover so thoroughly as at former times. During this year a slight difficulty of breathing first showed itself, originating in a cartilaginous formation in the wind-pipe, which from the first was beyond the reach of human skill. The last days in his earthly home were not without their premonitions to Judge Howe, and he seems to have been persuaded that his end was at hand. The current of many of his thoughts is apparent from a dream, which made a very deep impression upon him.

He seemed to stand upon the piazza of his dwelling, his new home but lately erected, as he as he had hoped for a pleasant and permanent abiding place, where the hearth-fire might be kept burning and into which his children might be gathered about him, for many happy years.—This beautiful residence, a monument to his elegant taste, quietly reposes at the foot of the shapely eminence which crowns the village. He looked out upon the glories which from that spot meet the eye at every turn. The shun shown out resplendent, and poured his beams aslant upon mountains and meadow, and the mdest village, almost buried under its gigantic elms. The shadows stretched out in huge lengths before him, for the day was far spent. Presently, as often happens in that valley, there rose a heavy mist and obscured the whole landscape, and sent a chill to his heart. But the darkness and the cold were only for a moment. Soon the mist disappeared, and the sun sank to rest in that wondrous glory which like the bow in the clouds, the kind Father seems to have appointed to cheer and reassure our hearts in this world where so many must be afflicted and where all must die. He awoke, and behold! it was a dream; but his inmost, prophetic soul said to him, so shall it be with thee!—and so it was. To this dream he alluded upon his death-bed.

In the month of December, Judge Howe left his home, in company with his wife and their infant child, to preside over a court in Worcester. This proved to be his last labor. An unusual pressure of business detained the court until Thursday of the third week. During the following night, Judge Howe was completely prostrated by a profuse hemorrhage, but rallied sufficiently to travel a part of the distance to Boston on Wednesday of the succeeding week, and after his arrival in Boston, remained tolerably comfortable during the remainder of that week. On Monday he was much more ill, and continued in a condition of great suffering for twelve days, almost without power for continuous thought or attention; and it was but too evident that his case was hopeless, though affection clung to hope almost to the last.

About nine o'clock of Saturday evening, he was aroused from a state of partial stupor by the arrival of Judge Lyman. Then the mist cleared away, and the light of his soul shone out most gloriously during what proved to be the closing hours. Of these closing hours we have read many most touching descriptions from the written and the printed page, and without doubt, even at this interval of time, many persons retain a vivid remembrance of the scene; but we cannot refrain from presenting it again, in the hope that the lesson may fall under some eyes which else would not read it. And we are the rather inclined to dwell upon the hour of death, because the spirit which adorned and ennobled it animated the whole life, because it did not stand out as an exception, but entirely corresponded with all the rest of his days.

He began with prayer to God that he might have strength to meet the duties and trials of the hour, and then, taking the hand of Judge Lyman, whom he called "the best friend any man ever had," his soul seemed to overflow with gratitude, and he numbered up his mercies with thankful acknowledgment. "There seems," he said, "to be a most happy combination of circumstances at this hour,—the coming of my friend, Mr. Lyman, the sight of my dear son, the best medical advice, and the comforts of a devoted brother's home all lavished upon me: these last especially move my heart to gratitude. God's blessing rest upon him who has been more than a brother to me in my feebleness!" And then he passed to some sober words of religious trust, and to some thoughtful and kind suggestions with reference to his worldly affairs. "My confidence," he said, "is in the mercy of God, as revealed in the Gospel. O, my confidence in God at this hour is worth more to me than riches, or honor, or any thing else that this world has!" He said that he had not been without a deep sense of the responsibilities which pressed upon him, and that he had been surprised at his success, at the clearness of his decisions, and the absence of mental wavering. This power he

has not been withheld. It would seem to be true economy to hasten, by any and all means, the speedy recovery of a man's self-control. No class of people are less able to pay large bills than the insane. It is intended that all of our pecuniary transactions should be conducted with fairness on our part; and I believe they have been so managed, and with prudence too. In the purchase of provisions and supplies for the use of the Hospital, we make the best bargains when we obtain articles of the best quality.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, February 16, 1850.

REALIZING FAITH.

We have just been reading the record of "Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion," by one of the converts to Rome from the Oxford school of English divines. The point on which he dwells with peculiar and prolonged emphasis is the "witness of the spirit within,"—the clear and self-demonstrating view of spiritual realities, which he now enjoys, but to which, as a Protestant, he had not made the slightest approach. In almost every denomination, not only enthusiastic, but humble and devoted Christians are ready to make the same appeal to an evidence which can be only felt, not expounded, for the truth of their respective systems. This is especially the case with those, who have left one division of the Church for another. The proselyte, up to the time of his conversion, has only seen "men like trees walking;" but in the new light that has risen upon him, all hidden things are made manifest, and he is, therefore, certain that he has found the true light. This assurance of faith, if valid evidence in behalf of one system, is so in behalf of all; and we are prepared to receive it in behalf of all, claiming its testimony for our own portion of the Christian body, and cheerfully admitting it for our fellow-Christians of creeds and forms differing very widely from our own.

There is an intuition of divine things, which, by God's help, is within the reach of every penitent, reconciled and regenerated soul. The objects of this intuition are pardon, divine favor, the communion of Christ and heavenly happiness. It is in the power of the disciple to attain as vivid and realizing a conception of these objects, as he has of the items of his earthly experience.—The dogmas of his individual creed are not these objects, but they are the only medium through which he can view them; for, though spiritual things are not beheld by the understanding, yet forms of belief of which the understanding alone takes cognizance are an essential pre-requisite to the clear insight and foresight of the soul. Now, though the media of spiritual vision furnished by the dogmas of different sects must vary as to their degrees of transparency, we cannot think that the scriptures can present to any devout believer a medium too opaque for his discernment of those spiritual truths, which are equally dear to the faith and hope of all Christians. The error of him, who argues from his clear view of those truths—his own entire dogmatic orthodoxy, is. that he identifies with those truths the medium through which he discerns them. Thus the infant, when he first sees the sky through the nursery window, imagines the window to be a part of the sky; and, did he never look out of any other window, we cannot know how long this delusion would last. But, by looking at the sky through different windows, he gradually learns that the sky has an existence independently of the glass through which he sees it. The Christian believer, in the great house of his Father, of which all the family of faith are co-tenants, looks at God, Christ and heaven, always through the same window, and therefore will not suffer himself to be persuaded that it is only a window.—But in that house there are many windows, and some of them are more, others less obscured, some, perhaps all, more or less stained; yet, through all, the glory of God, the love of Christ, the light of heaven shines in. That all these are windows commanding an actual view of the spiritual world we cannot possibly demonstrate by our own experience; but we certainly have reason to believe that this is the case, if those who stand at the different windows make like reports of what they see,—if they take in the same views of the spiritual attributes of God, of the beauty and loveliness of their Saviour's character, and of the purity and bliss of heaven. This condition we must, in all charity, admit to be fulfilled by the testimony of seemingly devout men of every name. We are oftener surprised by their agreement than by their difference. When we take up a book of practical piety, we soon forget to what denomination the author belonged. Thomas à Kempis and Fenelon have furnished manuals of devotion that are cherished by the whole Protestant world. We could make extracts from the spiritual writings of Priestley, Ware and Channing, which, if anonymous, would pass current among the most rigid disciples of the Genevan school as exponents of their own inward life.—We can read page after page of Baxter and of Leighton, without being once reminded that they were Calvinists. We have stood by the death-bed of Christians of almost all our principal denominations, without being able to detect any essential difference in the objects of the "faith turned to sight," which "loosed for them the pains of death," and opened to their view the higher home at whose threshold they were lingering. We have always felt, in the presence of the death-angel, that we have passed beyond sectarian landmarks into the domains of the Church universal.

But, if there be any truth in what has been said, it may be asked,—Why is it that those who have passed from one denomination to another, are apt to be the very persons who are the most confident that their new position is the only one from which spiritual realities are to be discerned, and full assurance of faith to be attained? The reason is obvious. One, who has beheld these realities, reached this faith, can hardly change his theological belief or relations. He has all that he desires or needs in his present position; and his spiritual intuition reflects imagined demonstration on the conclusions which have commended themselves to his understanding.—And, could such a person become a convert to a different theological system, it is impossible that he should believe his former associates out of the pale of true Christianity. His own experience would constrain him to admit that there was more than one medium for the discernment of the fundamental truths of religion. But those, who change their denominational ground, belong chiefly to two classes,—First, there are the non-religious, though perhaps sectarian members of one denomination, who are first awakened to serious thought, and made to own the claims of practical piety under the auspices of a different sect. They very naturally deny the existence among their former associates of influences which they never felt while in communion with them. Secondly, there are in every denomination serious, inquiring, religiously disposed persons, who have never been able to reach the point of view, from which their associates derive their intuition of divine things. Their intellectual habits do not fit them to apprehend and enjoy the resources of the system under which they have been educated; or they have derived from without, a suspicious, querulous disposition, which keeps them only in the outer courts, and bars their access to the inner sanctuary of the denomination to which they professedly belong. Such persons need proselytism. The best thing that can happen to them is to be thrown under the influence of a sect either more congenial to their mental peculiarities, or less obnoxious to the doubts and cavils which have interfered with their cordial faith. When they are at last converted to the dogmas towards which they have long, though perhaps unconsciously gravitated, the germs of the religious life unfold freely and rapidly, and they speedily attain the peace and assurance which they had previously sought in vain. No wonder that they are foremost in the distrust of a system which never satisfied them, most earnest in their sectarian zeal, loudest in their anathemas. But it should always be remembered that the very fact of their conversion from a different creed makes them the least reliable witnesses of what that creed can do for the spiritual edification, growth and joy of its permanent adherents. Each sect should be judged by the finished testimony of those who have made full test of its principles through their whole life-experience, and remained faithful to them until death.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

The following incident has gone the rounds of the papers:

"A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer, Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their birth. Some, pulling off boots and coats, lay them down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much as possible like home, threw off more of their clothing, each one as his comfort, or apprehension of danger, dictated.

"I had noticed on deck, a fine looking little boy, of about six years old, following around a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German; a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance, and from under his little German cap, fell his chestnut hair in thick clustering, beautiful curls.

"After walking about in the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sun light from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place. But instead of this, he quietly knelt down on the floor, put up his little hands together so beautifully, child like and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayers.

"The father sat down by his side and waited the conclusion. It was for a child a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him, Christian men, retiring to rest without a prayer; or if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love."

The story is a touching one, but the comments upon it do not seem to recognise the wisdom and authority of him who, after reproving those who "prayed where they could be seen of men," added, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou has shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret." We remember the prayer of another little child. His mother said to him one morning, "My son, I am sorry when you do not say your prayer on going to bed, if I am not by to remind you of it. Bessie says you did not say it last night." "Bessie knows nothing about it," was the gentle reply. "I did not say it for her to hear; but I put my head under the bed clothes, and said it softly, and God heard it." Yes, dear child, God heard it, and "he will reward thee openly," but not with the praise of men.

The Independent and the Athanasian Creed.

TRINITARIAN EXPLANATIONS.

It is strange that our Trinitarian friends should attempt to illustrate and explain their peculiar tenet. There is a fatal difficulty. Every new experiment seems to plunge the subject into new perplexities. But for the sake of the interests of the right side of the argument, the more our opponents illustrate their doctrine into hopeless contradictions, the better.

They always begin by assuring us the Divine Nature is a profound and inexplicable mystery, not to be penetrated by mortal insight, not to be fathomed by the human understanding, not to be defined in the terms of the carnal reason. To this we fully agree, heartily saying, Amen. And we are encouraged to add, Let us therefore, while each holds his own theory, or conception, with reverence, good faith and sincerity, dwell together in mutual forbearance, charity and fellowship, as disciples in common of one Master, and brethren of one fold. But now we have gone a step too far. Our neighbors begin to demur; and in order to demur the more gracefully, they are obliged to reconsider and virtually disown their first main proposition. It would appear that this leaves too wide a margin, and too much liberty for honest differences of opinion. And so, while there is no formal recantation of the original statement of the inexplicability of the subject, there is a direct denial of the moral and logical deduction from it. We are told, after all, that we must accept and subscribe a particular and definite hypothesis; that we must believe in the Trinity in the form of dogma, or else be excommunicated, and possibly damned. And to convince us of the reasonableness of this sentence,—as well as to rescue us, if possible, from so unpleasant a predicament,—our friends set themselves diligently, ingeniously, scholastically, with metaphysical subtilty and analogical reasoning, to *prove* the matter to us,—to explain the inexplicable. Their exclusiveness must be justified. To convict us of a vicious pertinacity in error, they benevolently go about to convince our understandings—and thus save our souls—in which laudable enterprise they fail, besides falling into self-contradiction.

In Trinitarian explanations we get an illustration indeed, but it is an illustration of something else than the point to be established. We find a comparison, but miss the analogy. The difficulty is, nothing furnishes an analogy. Trinitarianism takes itself out of the realm of logical demonstration, and Trinitarians are always wasting their strength in trying to bring it back again. It will not come back. When the "Independent" stoutly affirms, with us, that the "proposition that one is three and three are one, cannot be believed;" and yet affirms that "God is one, and God is three,"—we do not wonder it is puzzled in finding figures to make its ground appear tenable. Dr. Bushnell is among the most emphatic advocates of excluding the dogmatic intellect from the province of Faith; and yet no man, in fact, makes heavier drafts on the reasoning faculty, when he comes to the statement and defence of his Trinitarian theory. And when he tells us of a threefold distinction in God's eternal nature, and explains himself by saying that the three persons, or personalities, are only in manifestation, and probably temporary as well as scenic; when he argues that God exhibits himself through a system of *relatives*, and still requires that these relatives shall be held to constitute a distinction in his absolute nature,—he fails, like the rest; fails by essaying a *sortie* on that very field which he at first discredits, the field of logic.

Mr. Morell, in his distinctions between the logical genius and the intuitional, has thrown the charge of an undue and un-religious speculation effectually on to the shoulders of Calvinism.

When the editors of the "Independent" declare it to be the "difference" between themselves and us, that *they* "worship God without expecting to comprehend him," that they "expect to know only in part," while *we* "*reason* about the nature of God as if" we "had found out the Almighty to perfection,"—which is really the substance of their reply to us,—we stand amazed. Is it possible these gentlemen are playing with words? Have Unitarians ever attempted or desired to express their views of the Divine Nature in any other than the simple, unaltered language of the New Testament? Who have framed creeds? Who have imposed covenants and texts? What is Calvinism, "if not critical?" What are the associations with the name of Geneva? On what subject did the pure intellect, the searching and knowing faculty of man, ever try, and stretch, and task and exhaust itself, if not on the Trinity? Who was Jonathan Edwards? Has the memory of the schoolmen perished? Why, it is for saying and consistently maintaining just what the "Independent" here says for itself, that the Unitarians have been cursed up and down the earth as the openers of the doors of laxity most perilous, and indifferentism most unpardonable. If the mode of the Divine existence is really incomprehensible, does not the absurdity of persecuting and excluding men, for not honestly holding any special doctrine of that mode, begin to be apparent?

But the "Independent," like all its brethren, is not satisfied with its own premise. It insists, after all, on *illustrating*, to justify the dogma. And so it tells us, in defence of the Athanasian formula, that "God is not three *in the same sense* that God is one;" and adds, "So when we say that God is a rock, and yet God is a spirit, we affirm that which is contradictory or paradoxical in form; but with what justice could any man charge us with affirming the universal proposition that rock is spirit and spirit is rock?" Now, we really think it would have been better to have stood fast by the anchor of *inexplicability* than to have ventured on this very vulnerable explanation.

To take a literal statement respecting God viewed as a single being, "God is a Spirit;" place by the side of it a pure metaphor, "God is a Rock,"—and then present these two in juxtaposition as an elucidation of the mutual and metaphysical relationship of three persons in the Godhead, or even as an apology for the Athanasian creed, is an expedient remarkable rather for its facility, than for its weight. It is to be hoped this passage will not be cited a century or two hence, as a specimen of the acumen of American theology in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Bushnell's corresponding sophism in making a temporary distribution of the Divine action synonymous with a triplicity of persons in the Divine Nature, which is an eternal nature, has already been referred to.

In the same No. of the "Independent" containing this defence of the Athanasian creed, we find an abstract of a sermon upon "God--the Son" preached on the evening of Jan. 20, at the Essex St. church in Boston. It would seem to have been a sprightly, and doubtless it was in general a meritorious performance. But if the report is correct, the preacher waded into water too deep for him, falling into the same mistake of which we have pointed out two examples already. After precisely the same declaration of the "incomprehensibility" of the doctrine, and the identical Bushnellian protest against attempts "at bringing the Infinite within the molds of the finite," the Rev. Mr. Stone goes straight on, and undertakes to satisfy this same old, impertinent, good-for-nothing Reason, again. And here, among other easy conclusions, occurs the demonstration of his logic. "It is *reasonable* to believe that it may be a part of the unknown opulence of God's nature, that he should comprehend within himself a triple energy of willing and acting, presided over by a triplicity of persons!" Shades of the schoolmen defend us! The will presided over by a personality! The divine energy under the government of a triumvirate! Such dreary confusion drives us back to the most desperate of all catechisms, and we begin to ask the primitive question, What is what?

If the Trinitarians are determined to dogmatize we are determined they shall dogmatize dogma fashion, and logically. If they reject the guidance of the carnal reason, or critical understanding, they must not pay her the backhanded compliment of an unskilful use of her weapons. We shall hold them to the Scriptural theses, "There is one God, the Father," and "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world." "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

If some of our expressions in regard to the Athanasian creed seemed harsh, it should be remembered that we were writing of what has no authority, and of what is used in this country by no church but the Catholic, as a symbol of its faith. In quoting it from the English Book of Common Prayer, we quoted it as it is actually used, and therefore in the form in which it seems to us it ought to be judged, though the *Independent* gives a translation of its own.

May we say one word more? We are perfectly aware that the theology of the *Independent* is, on important points, different from ours, and yet, we have written in reference to no paper, with a more entire sense of personal freedom. Our articles in reference to it have not been articles, so much as the pleasant, casual, and sometimes bantering words which pass between friends in the intimacy of private intercourse. If we have written unguardedly, it is partly owing to the character of the Independent. Besides much higher qualities, that paper possesses the great charm of a warm, frank and genial manner. Its editors evidently write in good spirits, as if they enjoyed their work and prospered in it, and had pleasant companionship together. The tone of the paper is generous, but if need be, its kindliness easily takes an edge. As in the ancient *thyrsus*, there is steel hid under the ivy wreaths. But its good spirits are contagious, and one is perpetually tempted to put on its defence that which is so competent to maintain its own ground. In private, one uses great latitude of speech in intercourse with a friend of this character, and no small part of the pleasure of their intercourse arises out of the feeling that each really understands the other, and that there is no need of guarding the lips with perpetual qualifications and explanations. We read the *Independent* so regularly that it has grown into a personal friend, whose visits we like none the less because we do not always agree.

We do not suppose that there is any occasion for saying this. We do it, however, because we regret to have written what jars upon feelings which we respect. We doubt not, however, that the *Independent* can understand how it might be done, without indicating any unworthy purpose. The good qualities of that paper, even, are of a kind which may sometimes lead it to say what, probably, a week after it would be pleased to revise or omit; and though for ourselves we regret to have said what could give it pain, we cannot say but that probably we shall keep on responding to its articles in as uncalculating and unguarded a way as ever. We sympathize with its cheerful, social, and genial spirit, and we hope that we have a still deeper sympathy with its more serious, humane, and religious purposes.

LETTER FROM NIAGARA.

The following are extracts from a private letter to one of the Editors; but we can see no reason for selfishly withholding from our readers, what they will probably pronounce the most striking writing about the great wonder of the Continent that has appeared,—much-written-about as the Falls have been. To persons familiar with his works, it will be hardly necessary to say that the author of the Letter is the author of "Martyria."

NIAGARA, Monday Evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have arrived here safely. I had to stay some seven or eight hours at Albany, and in Rochester I stayed some hours; otherwise I came careering along, from Nothampton to Buffalo, direct, the way fire and water carry men now. Quite safely I have reached here; though between Buffalo and Rochester, the car I was in got off the rails, and got its strength well tested.

On and on, and on I came, journeying here, through valleys, through pine-trees, and birch-trees, and trees I do not know; through clefts in the rocks, by orchards, farm-houses, and villages, and by brooks that ripple in their sandy beds, and make one think of summer, even in the middle of winter.

I remember how now and then the road ran alongside a high hill, on which stood great trees, one above another—the highest of them standing as though against the sky. In and out of the woods; out of the woods into the cleared, fenced fields, and then into the bush again; so I came along and along.

The bush! This word, as meaning woods and forests, is it of Dutch origin? I think it must be; for I fancy it is not English. In Holland, the word for a wood is *bosch*. And by the Hague, there is a royal palace, known as the House in the Bush.

I saw the Catskill mountains show themselves deep blue in the distance, and streaked here and there, with clouds or else mist. By Schenectady I looked out on what was the site of Fort Schuyler, where the Patriots fought against the British, the Tories and the Indians. But over the whole scene, when I passed it, there was moonlight and snow—a solemn, beautiful calm!—Very sweet as well as solemn, whenever felt;—and yet men are so slow to enter into it.—Sometimes, when I look down on a town with the moon-light on it, I feel as though there would be eternal peace there, if only the dwellers there could feel something of the way their houses look. Moon-light may well be holy and heavenly; for it is light in darkness; so I felt, as I stood in it, at midnight on Friday.

At Syracuse, I was complimented by a man in the cars, on my speaking such good American. Indeed, he was very incredulous of my being an Englishman; as he assured me that he knew many English persons, who had been in the country for years, and could not speak so well as myself! This person also told me that the Falls at Niagara were very handsome.—Which, however, will not prove to be the exact description of them, I think; as indeed I thought at the time, though I did not tell the man so.

Well, and now have I seen the Falls? Yes, and no! I have seen them blindly, through a snow-storm. I have been into a storm and a great roar. And I saw the Falls dimly through the falling snow. And down the rapids I saw the river boil and froth. As I came away, I fancied a person from the tropics would think more of a snow-storm than of Niagara—more of the soft, fast snow, in its silence, than of the cataract's roaring, dashing, smoking.

Very oddly, when I first came within sight of the Falls, I did not look at them, at once, nor for some little time, but I read some names cut in wood, and first looked for a spider's web, wondering whether there was one in the sheltered place I stood in. Yet all the while I had not forgotten what I was in presence of; for all the time I was in a state of awe and wonder and expectation. I think that now I can guess faintly at the strange feeling, which came over the minds of those apostles, who were present at the transfiguration of Jesus in the mountain.

I stood beside the rapids, at what I suppose was their widest—a great breadth of raging waters. But nigh me, there was a small, still space in them; and on to this quiet spot, a wild duck flew and alighted. A sight, it was quite a relief to me to see; and very sweetly still it looked, amidst the raging waters.

But I know I have not seen the Falls yet, understandingly, and so I shall have more to say about them.

. . . . .

I have seen the Falls now; and now indeed I have nothing to say about them. They are too great for any words of mine, and indeed for anybody's words. They are too great for words.—They are what they are, and not what any man can say. How the Falls do roar and smoke! Smoking and roaring and pouring everlastingly. From the Canadian side of the river I noticed, how on the edge, the Falls look like the whitest, finest lace. And as I watched the fall of the water down the precipice, it seemed to me, that just where of green it became white, was so exactly like a smile coming out on a thoughtful face. And really, the Falls are cheerful as well as awful.—Many things about them I noticed with my eyes, as I stood on the Canadian shore; but the one, only feeling in my mind was—

"Lo God is here! Let us adore."

. . . . .

And now, this afternoon, I have seen the Falls again. As I went round Goat Island, it seemed to me that the river went to the Falls, like life into the grave, so swiftly and certainly, and over the precipice so helplessly. Down goes the river, down, down, down, into a tremendous gulf of mist. But oh, in that mist what did I see! I saw what I can see now, as soon as I shut my eyes. I saw what made me exclaim to myself, "It is like Christ out of the grave."

As I held fast by a fallen tree, and looked over the precipice in the midst of the Falls, I saw down into the abyss of mist, at the bottom. And as I looked, I saw a rainbow, if that might be called a rainbow, which was but very little bent. This beautiful appearance began in the abyss below, and reached close by me, up towards the sky above. A mighty river, down a deep gulf, powdered into mist! Destruction the most utter, those Falls are an emblem of, as you look down them. And then in the mist they make, out of a deep, roaring gulf of vapor, to see exceeding beauty manifest itself, and point up at heaven above! I suppose, there is nothing in all nature else that is like what I saw. For the feeling it made in me, it was like Christ rising out of the grave of the human race.

It was so beautiful, so glorious; it was such strange, heavenly beauty, rising out of such an awful gulf, that it was to me, and not unworthily, an emblem of that great hope that promises salvation, life out of death, a rise heavenward out of the deep, dark gulf that swallows us all, seemingly forever.

. . . . .

And now I have seen the Falls for the last time. And I think I am the better forever, for the sight; but especially for the sight of that bow or rather that pillar in the mist. . . .

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the scriptures, while they clearly teach the doctrine of God's universal presence, do much towards localizing the conception of his presence. Jesus always addresses him and speaks of him as the "Father in heaven," and even sanctioned the sentiment implied in this phrase by looking upward when he prayed. Why is this? How can the divine teacher have connected associations of place with Him, who fills all space? We reply that, without such associations, the omnipresence of our professed faith would be in our conceptions a presence nowhere, and our theism would melt away into a vague and emotionless pantheism. While ourselves subject to the limitations of space and time, we can conceive of no existence independently of them. Thus when we speak of the past, present and future as "one eternal now" to the divine mind, we use a mere word-juggle, which still leaves us under the necessity of conceiving of a successiveness in the thoughts and purposes of God, similar to that of which we ourselves are conscious. In like manner, the simple proposition, "God is everywhere," presents a truth, which the mind acknowledges, but cannot take into its own consciousness, so as to deduce from it the practical and operative belief, "God is here." The conception of God's presence must have some radiating point. The little child feels his mother's presence, when he sits at her feet and looks into her face, and, knowing where she is, he carries thence the consciousness of her presence, as he reads or plays in the remotest corner of the same apartment, and, farther still, as he goes into the remotest apartment where her voice can reach him through the open doors. Thus, if we can connect the idea of the divine presence with one real or imagined apartment in the universal house, we can extend it to every room in the house, in which sense can dwell or thought can range.

But why "Our Father *in heaven*?" It is not without reason that our best and noblest thoughts always mount into the higher regions of space. Around us are imperfection and evil. Beneath us there are only the obscure and unexplored portions of our own planet. The stars are above us. We look upward for the only views that we can get of the immensity of creation. Above us are the grandest and most awe-inspiring manifestations of the divine power, wisdom and love. Our relations with universal nature must be essentially changed, before the upturned eye and thought will cease to connect themselves spontaneously with devotion and adoration. The idea of a heaven, a presence-chamber of the Almighty, a metropolis of the spiritual kingdom, a rallying point for the ransomed host, helps our prayer and praise, concentrates our reverence and worship; and, whether it be philosophically true or not, it is undoubtedly the best and most congenial mode in which we can contemplate the divine nature and attributes. Nor can we assert that this representation may not be literally true. There may be some region of the universe corresponding to the scriptural conception of a local heaven, where He who fills all space sheds abroad peculiarly vivid displays of his attributes,—where his presence is the all-pervading thought of those who enter,— where, not as here, through outward forms and intermediate agents, but directly and immediately, he confers the blessings of his universal reign. We cannot but feel that there is meaning in that common phrase, "the nearer presence of God,"—not nearer, because God is ever far from us, but because in this world there are many obstacles to our full and abiding sense of his presence, while we may pass hence to a realm of being where he may be the object of our direct intuition, and of what corresponds to our face-to-face communion with our human friends. In cherishing this conception, we by no means imagine that angels and the redeemed among men are confined within any local bounds,—hemmed in by the encircling waters of the river of life. They may go wherever God dwells and works, and carry with them where they go the consciousness of Him which pervades their heavenly life, even as we can apply to our homes and to common scenes of duty and trial the idea of Him which is kindled or renewed whenever we look up in praise and prayer. Thus may the conception of a local heaven be maintained in entire consistency with the freest range through the universe, which we can imagine for the unfallen and the ransomed.

REPORT OF THE CITY REGISTRAR.

The first annual Report of the City Registrar, containing the Births, Marriages and Deaths for the city of Boston during the year 1849, has just been published. We are glad to see it, and hope that it is only the commencement of a series of statistical reports, whose value, if accurately drawn up, can scarcely be over-estimated. This matter has been too long neglected in this country. We endeavor to estimate with great exactness the number of our population; the quantity and quality of our productions, whether grown or manufactured; the amount of our exports and imports and similar matters, from which important inferences may be drawn, touching the pecuniary interests of our country, while no attempts have been made, until very lately, to ascertain by statistics collected in a similar way, the laws of life, health and disease, which are of great importance to every one of us. In England and on the continent of Europe, this matter has long occupied the attention of government. Sufficient data have been collected there to show with considerable probability the comparative healthiness or unhealthiness of different districts, the influence of the different trades and professions upon life, and many of the causes of disease and premature death. Indeed we scarcely know of a work more pregnant with a truly fearful interest, than the late reports of the Registrar-General of England. Massachusetts has lately undertaken to obtain the same information with regard to herself, and as far as we know, is the first State in the Union, which has endeavored to do it with equal fulness and accuracy. We have not yet seen the report for the State; that for Boston has just been published, as stated above.

We learn from this Report, that the number of births, in the city for the last year, is 5,068, though the Registrar thinks, that from three to five hundred more have occurred. Of these children, only 438 fathers, and 522 mothers were natives of Boston, while 2,540 fathers and 2,578 mothers were natives of Ireland. The number of deaths is stated at 5,079. Estimating the population of the city at 132,000, the Registrar makes the proportion of deaths 1 in 26, for the year. Notwithstanding the ravages of cholera, consumption has proved the most fatal disease,—611 having died of the former, and 644 of the latter.

For further details, such as the number of marriages, whether of natives or foreigners, the number of deaths of different ages and of different professions, the various causes of disease as far as ascertained, and the diseases themselves, we must refer our readers to the Registrar's Report.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Register.]

Much has been said and written against newspaper *borrowing*. I venture to utter a word in favor of newspaper *lending*. I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to send the Register or the Inquirer to the kitchen to light the fire, even though it may have been well perused,—and never on an emergency do I cut a pattern from one but with a hesitating and reluctant hand. There is something "too good to be lost" in every number. So thinks my poor friend, Widow S. I used to send little dainties for the palate to her chamber of suffering. Now I leave that for those who cannot send her the Register and the Inquirer. Poor woman! her days have been many and latterly full of sorrow, and it has been her lot in life (do not smile) never to hear any thing but Scotch Presbyterianism. It would do you good to see how her eyes brighten as she tells me how "excellent" my papers are, and adds that "she does not know how she could do without them." She keeps them very carefully too, so there is always a nice bundle for Farmer P. when he brings his grain to "the store." I care not to encounter good Farmer P. for his loud-voiced recognition of the "woman who believes in one God, as he does," is somewhat embarrassing. Then the agricultural paper. Much good will the practical information it contains do Mr. G. and his good wife, at their home on the mountain side. But a newspaper is a *luxury*, and Mr. G. can afford himself no luxuries while there is such a heavy mortgage on his farm; but that basket of selected apples proves he is not insensible of the favor. Then old Mr. M.—so helpless and dependant. His worthy son does not interpret the command, "Honor thy father," to be an injunction to provide him with a political paper of a party adverse to his own; but not the less does the old veteran enjoy his favorite journal, even though it be a *lent* one. It will sometimes happen in the country, that wrapping-paper becomes scarce, and then old newspapers are in great request, but you may be sure that neither the Register nor Inquirer is ever yielded, but under promise that they shall not be torn.

Give me credit for an original mode of disseminating useful knowledge—for who does not know that no paper is so carefully read as that which envelopes a package. On one of these occasions it happened that a copy of the Register found its way into the dwelling of the minister. The article was soon returned enclosed in a num- of the Presbyterian. I could not but wonder if a certain sombre visage did not relax a little when that bit of practical pleasantry was played off. But I am becoming too diffuse. I will only add that if you, Messrs. Editors, put this in print, several of my friends will lose the reading of that number of your paper, but possibly the suggestion may send it into many poor homes.

[For the Register.]

PROFESSOR CROSBY.

It is a little singular that the editors of the Congregationalist should have made the discovery that the above-named gentleman is "*somewhat celebrated already for* his letter to the Tract Society!"—as if the public were first made acquainted with this distinguished scholar through that "letter." Who *is* Professor Alpheus Crosby? we would ask the Congregationalist. Can it be that the author of the Greek Grammar, which is the text book in some of our first Colleges (Yale, Dartmouth, &c.,) and the author also of several of the best and most popular editions of the Greek classics, and of other important College text books,—can it be that one of the most celebrated scholars of our country needs an *introduction* to those gentlemen!

We have no sympathy with Professor Crosby's views in religion, but let him stand where he *may*, with German Neologists, Universalists or Infidels, the *full weight* of his reputation and his distinguished attainments must stand with him. It is decidedly unpleasant to think that he may be a member of one or another of these classes, yet if he *is*, he is still Professor Crosby.

ANDOVER.

[For the Register.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I am rejoiced to see the readiness with which the rich and philanthropic subscribe to the *permanent fund* for the "relief of aged and destitute Clergymen." No one, who has been asked to give, has refused; and the charity is regarded as one of the most unexceptionable and the most needed. The number of cases, where aid would be next to a divine blessing, are far more numerous than has ever been imagined. I am glad to know that some of our ladies have taken hold in earnest; and in some cases have made their minister a "Life Director." They will be reported in due time; though some contributors refuse to let the world know of their munificence. It is desirable that the fund should be raised this year; and therefore I trust that *every* Unitarian society will feel itself specially called upon to take *immediate* steps to contribute its share. If a society can give but *ten dollars*, this will be most thankfully received and will make its Minister a "Life-Member." To raise the requisite sum, it is needful that each congregation should give its proportion—and when that is done, *all further solicitations will cease*.

The Executive Committee have sent a circular to each Unitarian Clergyman in the United States, hoping that each one will read it to his people and make such remarks upon it, as his judgment and heart suggest,—"remembering that he, also, is in the flesh."

It is said that several clergymen read the circular, the first Sunday after receiving it, and on the spot appointed an efficient Committee to devise the best modes of action in the premises. For one, I hope, we shall hear corresponding good news from *every parish in our denomination*. Prov. iii. 27. • •

For the Register.

STIRRING UP DISCORD AMONG BRETHREN.

The Christian is likened to a soldier; and the humblest owes to his leader and to his cause his careful watch, lest the enemy approach unheeded, scatter and destroy. The conviction that we cannot fairly offer our ignorance or our weakness as an excuse for not sounding the alarm, when danger threatens, induces me to point out one of the many avenues through which our Master is assailed. I am particularly impressed at this time with the magnitude of the evil, by reading in your paper of Jan. 5th, an account of a "society of our faith," in which the Christian armour grows dim from the laxity and unfaithfulness of its pastor. In so far as the character of that teacher is portrayed, it is a daguerreotype likeness of one who was located near us; who professed Christ in the pulpit, but denied him in his life and conversation; who, to use his own words, "had a good deal of the Bull Dog in him." How does the Bull Dog get into the pulpit? Does the fact that "the harvest is plenteous and the laborers few," cause the theologian to encourage the student to enter the sacred profession when there is no preparation, no moral fitness? Is it from the absence of mural courage, that councils are found giving authority, in the name of God, to men to lead the people in Christ's stead, who indulge, instead of Christian love, *self* love; whose hearts are so full of vanity and conceit that there is no room for humility; in short, in want of nothing so much as genuine heartfelt piety? There is a magnetic influence proceeding from a good man, which silently, but surely reaches every heart, while genius, intellect and profound attainments are nearly powerless, if not united with Christ's characteristic qualities. In the days of the apostles, the selection of one to bear public witness of Jesus, was esteemed a tremendous responsibility. When one to fill the place of the false Judas was selected, it was a necessary condition or qualification that he knew Jesus. Is it of less consequence that he should possess that qualification now?

To those who are not familiar with the elements of a country parish, it would be difficult to understand how much evil a false man may do, by stirring up the elements of discord between classes by his appeals to the low and jealous passions, and in his parochial visits by discoursing of the characters and peculiarities of *his too sharp-sighted* parishoners. Those two things sometimes constitute an incendiarism, the destructiveness of which I have been a witness of, more fearful than that which destroys your dwellings. One such man sent forth with authority confirmed by names and solemn rites, (even if his theology was correct,) would paralyse the devoted labors of many. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN POULTRY YARD: by D J. Browne, author of the Sylvia Americana. Published by C.M. Saxton, New York.

This tells all about all sorts of fowls,—what they are, how they came to be what they are, what they ought to be, how they can be made what they ought to be, opens the whole mystery of eggs, incubation, chickens, hens, roosters, coops, capons, geese, ducks, turkeys, and the life, habits, diseases, death, and post-mortem developements of poultry in general. We are indebted to the interest it excited in us for a delightful interview with the splendid collection of an amateur breeder and importer, —where we saw the most gigantic Cochin-China couple, and the most diminutive pair of Bantams, to be found, probably, in the United States. We are also indebted to it for a spasm of an uncomfortable, discontented, *intermittent* appetite for a farm, to which we are constitutionally liable, but which scarcely comports with a city congregation.

HON. HORACE MANN'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. Tickner, Reed & Fields.

Mr. Mann's religious philosophy is rather more in Franklin's vein than Fenelon's. But he writes for young men with almost unequalled power.—Setting clearly before him the precise object in view, he presses towards it with a most masculine energy, and, with his strong, muscular arm, takes up the reader, or hearer, and bears him along with himself. Whatever young man reads this eloquent performance, may well feel that he has received a new message out of the Kingdom of Truth. He gets rich words from a wise head and a noble heart. The passages in this address on sensuality and money-worship are very remarkable specimens of satire. Give this little book to an acquaintance, and you give him what is better than a fortune.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SEAMAN'S AID SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.

This charity has passed, fortunately, beyond the stage of experiment, and the need of commendation. Under its present accomplished and judicious and laborious officers, and with the inimitable services of Father Taylor at the Bethel, and Mr. and Mrs. Brodhead at the Mariners' House, it has nothing to do but prosper, and prosper it must. A clothing store is kept open under the Mariners' House, which serves the double purpose of supplying the sailor at the lowest prices, and furnishing work for his needy family. The financial affairs are in a sound state; but the more given, the wider the usefulness. The payment of one dollar a year constitutes membership; of twenty dollars at once, membership for life. Miss Bass, the Secretary, presents her interesting report in a most creditable and praiseworthy manner.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE NORTHERN BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY, TOGETHER WITH THE PROCEEDINGS, &C., &C.

This Report seems to be all that such a document ought to be. The society has, under its patronage, in High Schools, Academies, Colleges, and Theological Institutions, sixty-nine beneficiaries. The amount of its pecuniary transactions for the year is more than seven thousand dollars. The whole organization gives signs of life. Rev. R. H. Neale is President, Rev. T. F. Caldicott, Corresponding Secretary.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND: by David Hume. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

In six well printed volumes, sold at the exceedingly low price of 62 cents each, we have the

whole of Hume's History. This edition has besides a complete Index to the entire work. We trust that the enterprising Publishers will be encouraged to go on with their plan of issuing cheap editions of standard works.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.

Hunt's Magazine for February is out with its usual punctuality, and has six well-written papers upon Michigan, Pacific Rail Road, Tea, English Stock Exchange, Cotton, Banking; besides all sorts of Commercial Statistics, in which the Editor specially revels, and pretty broad glimpses at Manufactures, the Book-business, &c. We look upon this well-sustained Journal as quite an achievement. Every month brings an equally full, original, valuable budget, accumulated, as we happen to know from experience, with great labor, and edited with consummate skill: it now numbers nineteen volumes, and almost every page containing something to dignify the calling, enlarge the vision, and strengthen the intellect of our intelligent merchants. It is worthy of its fame: it merits the remarkable success which has followed it from the first.

THE CHURCH RECORD:—Being a concise sketch of the origin and history of West Church in Marlborough, with a copy of its Covenant, an account of its Funds, &c., and a complete catalogue of its members.

Such pamphlets as this possess a far more prominent and sterling value than most sermons that get into print. They are positive and substantial additions to the resources of the historian. We understand this is the work of the faithful and devoted Pastor, Rev. Horatio Alger. It would be a matter of incalculable benefit, in time to come, to say nothing of the local and present interest, if every Church had as careful and thorough a Chronicler.

COMPARISON TO OLLENDORFF'S METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH: by Geo. W. Greene, Instructor in Modern Languages in Brown University. Appleton & Co., New York.

Ollendorff's system is sometimes complained of as being tedious. But sensible people are gradually finding out that there is no easy or short method of acquiring a new language. The longest way is the shortest. In this manual, the dialogues proceed from simple to complex, regularly, and by slight gradations. The vocabulary is arranged on very philosophical principles, each radical word being carried on through its varieties of form, combination and significance, at one view.

RANKING'S HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES.

We have received the above work from Redding & Co. It is a neatly printed volume of over 320 pages. A medical friend, in whose hands we have placed it, says that it contains an admirable abstract of the progress of the Medical Sciences for the six months, ending Jan. 1st, 1850, and that it is one of those things, which no practitioner who wishes to keep up with his profession can afford to be without.

JAMES MONTJOY, OR, I'VE BEEN THINKING: by A. S. Roe. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A very pleasant and good story.

ANNALS OF THE LADIES HOME EDUCATION SOCIETY and Temperance Union. Vol. XIII.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Nov. 24th, 1849.

By a singular chance the two great Protestant Churches of Paris are situated in that quarter of the town, consecrated by the martyrdoms of the St. Bartholomew—the one in the Rue St. Honore near the Louvre and the other in the Rue St. Antoine. Going the other day from the quarter of the Luxembourg to attend service in the temple of the Rue St. Antoine, I passed by the Hotel Coligny, and turned aside for an instant, impelled by the memorials and reflections that the place brought about me. I entered the old courtyard. The long dark lowering archway frowned as grimly as when Couthon and his murderous band crowded together in the shadows of the night, under its gloomy shelter—waiting for the matin bells which should summon them to the holy offices of massacre. The once stately courtyard was all begrimed and broken up—and a blackness like the livery of London clothed the desolate walls and the shattered windows—a wretched looking old man lazily leaning against a door-post as old and crumbling in its way as himself, was the only human being visible about the huge hotel—a curse seemed to have fallen on the place, and the dark deed done there so long ago seemed to oppress the present atmosphere. My impressions were all the more vivid and painful, that during the past week I had read at the Royal Library a most graphic account of the scenes of that dreadful day, written by a Huguénot eye-witness, whose work "L'Etat de la France sous Charles IX," —well deserves the authoritative reputation it enjoys. It is so calm —so comparatively free from the fierce prejudices of the age—so tolerant and just when judged by the standard of contemporary and even of subsequent polemics—that it at once secures confidence. Yet the intense interest taken by the writer in the story he narrates—the terrible reality with which the scenes of Paris rose before his mind as he sat down a solitary exile to record them "for the warning of States and the comfort of the True Religion," the strength of his attachment to the faith so tried by fire and sword, give an energy to the style and a picturesque power to some of his descriptions which stamp the facts he narrates forever on the memory of the reader. And as I stood in the courtyard the whole story seemed written out upon the bent and wretched walls. And when, these impressions fresh on my mind, I entered the Temple—I was as it were transported back to the times of the faith I had been dreaming. For not even the kirk of Scotland, so faithful to the traditions of the fathers—that John Knox, could he return again to his good town of Edinburgh, would find no scandalous innovations of good taste or gentleness to call forth his thunders of reproach,—even the kirk of Scotland has not more closely preserved the practice of its early days than the Protestant church of France. The same ancient psalmody which banished the lays of the Troubadours from the Court of Navarre and cheered the hearts of the white robed warriors of Cevennes—still ascends in chorus more earnest than musical from the congregations of Paris. Still the clerk, in words hallowed from the olden days, summons the people to hear the words and join in the solemn prayer—and I followed reverently the same devotional services with which the brave Coligny and his friends prepared their souls—when, having heard a great noise in the court and having sent a friend to ascertain the cause thereof—that friend returned, and in those calm and memorable words "It is our God, my lord, who calls us elsewhere," announced the messengers of murder—and thus, with all the ritual solemn voices of the Past mingled, and I was lifted up out of the Present and its narrow personal cares into the great regions of ancient constancy and faith and sacrifice.

But the sermon brought me back to modern times and a more critical mood. The preacher was Mr. Vernieuel, a man of some distinction—and his subject, a no less important one than "The true Theory of Christian Socialism." This he treated, however, with no marked ability, and he seemed to be endeavoring to persuade himself and his hearers, that there really was no new way of solving the disorderly problems of society to orderly solution, and that an increased contribution to the alms-box would accomplish all the good aimed at by the partisan of the "Republique Democratique et Sociale." This, however, he was far from achieving, even with regard to himself, and he closed his discourse by throwing the whole matter on the hands of Providence in the most summary and unceremonious way. In a manner the preacher presented an almost absurd resemblance to M. Coquerel, whose gesticulations he reproduced with no very gratifying effect. In fact he seemed to me the most indifferent preacher (the worthy canon of Notre Dame alone excepted) whom I have heard in Paris—as M. Adolphe Monod is certainly the best. With little of the elegance which distinguishes M. Coquerel, M. Monod yet produced on me an oratorical impression of a much higher order. Palethin—his face furrowed by the traces of thought and feeling and care, M. Monod, when he rises in the pulpit, presents an appearance almost unprepossessing. He looks like a man in extreme ill health, and that uneasy feeling which the sight of such a person always communicates, at once disturbs the repose of mind necessary to religious thought. But he begins to speak—his deep eyes brighten—his face flushes with emotion, and soon you feel that whatever be the condition of his body, his soul at least is sound and whole. His words come forth loaded with the weight of a profound personal experience, and he sends directly to the heart of his hearers—thoughts free-winged from the most central flame of his own life. Less distinguished than his colleague, M. Monod certainly is, and the quality of his peculiar excellence is less brilliant and attractive than that which constitutes the great charm of M. Coquerel's oratory. But as a Christian preacher, simply, M. Monod has produced an impression on me such as I have rarely felt. I could hardly have believed the French language so manageable an instrument of devout religious thought as he makes it become—and I anticipate great pleasure during the winter from my attendance on his preaching, though he officiates only at stated intervals according to a very uncertain rule. Of the great Catholic preachers, I have heard only Deguerry, who is a very fine, manly, enthusiastic speaker. Lacordaire preaches the Avant Careine sermons at Notre Dame in December, at which time also the Abbe Bantain, whom I know to be an attractive and spiritual writer, officiates at the Madeleine. Lacordaire preaches chiefly to young men, and I am told always to an immense audience of that class. But if I am to judge by a few published sermons I have seen, I fear that he is rather a lover of fine words, than an apostle of the Truth.

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK.—*Hague Street Explosion.* Having a moment to spare in passing through New York, and being somewhat anxious regarding a young printer who was probably employed in this ill-fated building, we hastened through several of the smallest kind of streets, lined with poor, old dwellings or dull-looking storehouses and manufactories, to the short alley now made memorable by the destruction of over a hundred useful lives. The scene appeared very much like that of any other thorough ruin by fire, only that a very efficient police was directing a rapid removal of the heaped-up rubbish as could possibly be made. Most perfect order existed, and a general tone of sadness was breathed from every anxious face. In the midst lay the cause of death, the exploded boiler, and around it a confused mass of earth, bricks, charred wood and pieces of iron.

Much excellent feeling has been called forth by this appalling calamity, much more will be: there was heroism here, entire self-forgetfulness, almost sublime endurance, generous and glad sacrifice. But, can one help feeling, that, with all which tempts us to be proud, God is giving us new lessons all the while in humanity—that, our advanced science will not be suffered to outgrow a child-like dependence on our ever-ruling Providence—that, so far from human life being hedged in from harm by all our improvements, it is now more than ever exposed to instant and irreparable injury! Not only when we are flying alongside of the precipice or beneath the beetling mountain side thirty miles per hour may our lives be hanging by the slenderest thread without our imagining any peril; but, in our crowded city streets the same fearful power, steam, may burst from incompetent hands or snap the imperfect machinery and scatter instant death around it.

On that Monday morning in Hague street, there was no thought of change, no fear of impending calamity Not one of that busy company but expected many happy, profitable years of life. And yet, to most of them, by no fault of their own, from a quarter which none suspected, "sudden destruction" came more complete than on the field of battle; more sudden than in the shock of arms; surely we can hear a voice saying, "Be still, and know that I am God."

It was pleasant, as one passed on, to hear good things of our newer laborer in this young Babylon, to hear of his growing influence, reputation and usefulness, and of the increasing prosperity of the "Church of the Messiah" under his care. Now, that this great want is supplied, may we not hope that more interest will be felt in the destitute churches at a distance from us; and, that the awakened zeal of our churches will demand that, while preachers remain unoccupied in the more favored parts of our country, so many parts in less favored communities shall not be kept vacant, and destroyed by neglect!

PHILADELPHIA. Brother Furness we found exceedingly engaged with a life of the Saviour, similar to his remarks on the Four Gospels, which is now nearly ready for the press, and much of which has made the regular ministrations of his pulpit for some time. This book will be received with great interest and some solicitude.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—The adjourned meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University was held last week, Gov. Briggs presiding. The nominations of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, as Professor of Surgery; Josiah Parsons Cooke, as Tutor in Mathematics; John Brooks Felton, as Tutor in Greek; Frederick H. Allen, as University Professor in the Law School; Henry L. Eustis, as Professor of Engineering, in the Lawrence Scientific School, and John Marshall Marston, as Tutor, were all confirmed.

The vacancy in the permanent board, occasioned by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Parkman, was filled by the election of Rev. Mr. Lunt, of Quincy. Rev. George E. Ellis was chosen in the place of the late Dr. Pierce, and the Hon. George S. Hillard, was elected to fill the vacancy, occasioned by the removal of the Hon. George Bancroft from the State.

The report of George Everett, from the committee on the observatory, that the Board agree with the corporation, was accepted. The reports of various committees on Greek; Latin; the Observatory; the Medical School; the Law School, and the Lawrence Scientific School, were presented and referred to the corporation, the last three to be printed,—the first three were accepted. Governor Everett made a few remarks, in reference to the future, against the policy of printing these reports, on account of the expense and for other considerations. He also paid an eloquent and appropriate tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Martin Gay, who was associated with him on the committee upon the Lawrence Scientific School.

On motion of Judge White of Salem, the mover, with the Rev. Dr. Young, and S. H. Walley Jr., were appointed a committee to revise the by-laws of the Board, and to report whether any additional by-laws are required. Adjourned to Thursday, Feb. 21.

TELEGRAPHING. It is a trite saying that this is an age of wonders and marvels. But occasionally a simple statement of the extraordinary results of some new invention, (machine, or boat, or engine,) by which the forces of nature are made to obey the will of man, awakes us from our indifference for a moment, and we exclaim how wonderful, and forget the triteness of the exclamation. The following paragraphs, from the Journal of two or three evenings since, concerning the Electric Telegraph, is a simple account of one of the wonders of daily occurrence about us.

"The despatch," says the Journal, "which we received from New York yesterday by telegraph, containing the California news, was the longest ever received over the wires in this city. The operators commenced upon it at a few minutes past nine o'clock, and kept constantly at work until two o'clock, P.M. or about five hours, and most satisfactorily did they do their work.

"Notwithstanding the immense amount of telegraphic matter which we are daily receiving over Morse's line from New York—the private despatches of merchants and others are subject to no delay in transmission, as there are three wires in perfect working order, and operative force enough at each end to send every despatch through immediately. Thus, the ink is hardly dry on one side of the line, before the despatch is in the hands of the person for whom it is intended, at a distance of nearly 250 miles!

STATE REFORM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. We learn that a petition for the establishment of a State Reform School for vagrant girls is in circulation. The petition itself well states the necessity of the measure, in the following language.

"The police reports of our large cities and towns show a great number of girls, of an age varying from seven years to fifteen, whose only home is the street—who attend no schools and are subject to no moral discipline, and who are thus growing up in all manner of vice and preparing to be the very scourges of society. Having in many cases no parents or protection, they seem in an especial manner to claim the protection and care of the Legislature. To these may be added another class, who, although having parents, are yet utterly beyond their control and influence. For both these classes, thus morally exposed, some provision is necessary, by which they may be brought under moral restraint and discipline before they shall have become the fit subjects only of criminal prosecution and punishment. The establishment of the State Reform School for boys suggests strongly the necessity and propriety of a similar institution for girls."

THE POTATO DISEASE. The following letter from a distinguished Chemist, was read before the Legislative Agricultural Society, at one of its late sessions. It is a capital illustration of the application of science to agriculture.

On a method for preserving Potatoes, after they have been harvested, from the further spread of the Potato disease.

We are indebted to J. E. Teschemacher, Esq., for the first demonstration of the causes of the present destructive disease in the potato, being a fungus growth. The subsequent inquiries, up to the latest observations, have only slightly modified the conclusions arrived at in this country, by substituting for the changes produced by a vegetating fungus, those induced by the decay of that growth.

The rapid decay which continues after roots have been removed from the soil, is often of the most remarkable character, and aside from its economical bearing, is a subject of scientific importance. During the last season, I made trial of some chemical agents, which specifically arrest all vegetation, hoping to discover an application which would enable us to preserve the diseased potatoes from further changes.—Early in the course of the experiments, it was noticed that a reduction of temperature by exposure to cold air, greatly diminished the rapidity of decay, while a slight increase of temperature hastened it; moisture being present or not.

Heat in a moist atmosphere increased the destruction, and samples which had been cooled, and thereby partly protected, readily passed through all the changes when again exposed to warm and humid air. After using several substances by direct contact with diseased parts of potatoes, I soon found that the mixture of sulphurous acid, nitrogen and common air, such as exists when sulphur is burnt in closed vessels, would prevent the further progress of the disease in tubers already affected, and when exposed in contact with tubers, passing through all stages of the disease, no further change in the prepared ones was induced.

The trials were varied, and the uniformity of the results has led me to conclude that the fumes of burning sulphur, flowing in contact with potatoes partly diseased, will arrest the further progress of the disease and prevent decay.—It is proper that this conclusion should be received as an expression of fact, under the circumstances of experiments on a small scale, and with no more than two varieties of potatoes; but I confidently expect that the importance of the application will be seen in the largest exhibition of its effects.

The practical use of the sulphurous acid gas is very simple and not expensive. Crude sulphur inflamed in a shallow cast-iron vessel, or an earthen pot, furnishes the fumes which may be led by wooden pipes, to the lower part of bins filled with the roots, until the unoccupied space is filled with them. As the fumes cool, they become heavier than air and will then enter every interstice. By placing the pot of burning sulphur in an empty barrel and inverting over it a barrel filled with potatoes, having a light rack in place of a head, the fumes will slowly rise within and impregnate the mass; the barrel and contents being, then removed, and the head replaced, the exposure may be considered as ample. Where the quantity is large, it would be more economical to leave a space vacant, below the loose floor on which they repose, and introduce these fumes until every part of the heap of potatoes has received a share.

It should be remembered that this application will injure, if not destroy the vegetating power of the tubers, and that although this result may be highly desirable, for all that are preserved for food, those intended for seed should not be so treated. Respectfully,

(Signed) A. A. HAYES, M. D.,
State Assayer.

No. 1, Pine St., Boston, Jan. 18, 1850.

EDUCATION AND SLAVERY.—Mr. Howison, in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, says:—

"It is computed that there are in the State of Virginia 166,000 children, between seven and sixteen years of age, and therefore fit for school. Of these, about 28,000 poor children attended the free and Lancasterian schools, an average of twelve weeks in a year for each child. Twelve thousand more children are sent to colleges, academies, and classical schools. The remaining one hundred and twenty-six thousand children, attended no school at all, and receive no education, except what can be imparted by poor and ignorant parents! But yet further; there are in Virginia 449,087 slaves, and 49,052 free negroes, who are, with few exceptions, wholly uneducated."

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN'S CONVERSATION.—Dr. Gannett, in his lecture of two weeks since, before the Mercantile Library Association, bore the following testimony to the influence which woman exerts by her conversation. It is taken from the Journal:

"He said it was pre-eminently true that they possessed great influence in the power of speech, and it seemed as if this power had been given them to show what a blessing it could be made. The position of a political debater he considered as unfit for woman, as that of commander of armies. It is in the private circle that she sways this sceptre, the power of which no one would wish to change, and which may, by its proper use mould the destiny of the race. It is not by her personal attractions that she exerts the influence she possesses—but by her words. Her eloquence is irresistible, and it might be said with truth that women could do more with their tongues towards governing the world than rulers with their laws and diplomacy. Let, said he, all the women North of the Potomac be true to the sacred cause of freedom for the next twelve months, and there would be no further difficulty about Wilmot Provisos or territorial governments, and the sound of disunion would sink back to a depth of shame from which the faintest echo could not be heard. The conversation of a well educated woman is like soft breathings of the wind upon the tender flowers, and he pitied him who had not felt its charm or yielded to its power."

NAVAL REFORM.—The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Preston, has issued a circular to the officers of the navy, with the following questions:

"Can corporal punishment be dispensed with, consistently with the interest and efficiency of the naval service? If so, what punishment should be substituted? If it cannot, state your reasons for the opinion, and such particulars of your experience in regard to the practice as you may deem pertinent. Can any further restrictions than those which the law now imposes upon the use of this punishment, be advantageously applied!

"Can the issue of the spirit ration be dispensed with, and what substitute will answer in its stead! What are the opinions, so far as they can be ascertained, of experienced and intelligent seamen in the navy upon the above point?"

A BILL OF WORK. An exchange paper has the following. Our recollections of the Cathedrals and Churches of Europe, beautiful and impressive as the latter are, forbid us to regard the statement as being at all exaggerated.

The following bill of work done, is stated by a celebrated tourist, to have actually been presented for beautifying and ornamenting the Lutheran Church at Hamburg, Europe:

For mending the ten commandments.
For a nose and three fingers to one of the robbers on the cross.
For scouring and brushing Pontius Pilate.
For gilding and painting the wings of the angel Gabriel.
For half a breast for Mary Magdalen.
For cleansing the sky in the East and adding sundry stars.
For cleansing and painting the High Priest's maid, and adding color to her cheeks.
For putting a new feather on the cockade of St. Peter.
For brushing and brightening hell-fire, and providing tails and horns for two devils.
For beautifying and ornamenting some of the elders, and strengthening their backs on frames.
For supplying one of the apostles.

TEMPERANCE AT THE STATE HOUSE.—The second public meeting of the Legislative Temperance Society was held at the State House last evening, and was well attended. Gov. Briggs presided, and addresses were made by Secretary Gill, Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord, Silas Livermore of Boston, and Charles W. Slack, editor of the Washingtonian. One of the orators, speaking of the best mode of effecting the suppression of intemperance, said—"As to the best means for hastening the total abstinence millenium, there will probably be as many opinions as there are temperance advocates;—according to their respective peculiarities of mind, their experience, their means of knowledge, and finally their moral developments. I think it can be done without assailing individuals whose self-interest does not allow them to see the matter in the light in which we regard it." [Courier.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. The fourth lecture of the course was delivered last Sunday evening, at the usual place and hour, by the Rev. Joshua Young. The subject was Man—his Nature, Condition, Destiny. The house was filled but not crowded. It is gratifying to witness the interest, which this course of lectures has excited, and we trust that it will not soon subside. The fifth lecture will be given next Sunday Evening; its subject will be Sin—its Origin, Properties, Effects.

☞ In Mr. Osgood's speech, printed in the Register of Jan. 26th, which was taken from another journal, we copied a few typographical errors. At the close of the second paragraph, after the word "successors" there should be inserted "to three of our most interesting school mistresses." The date of the Boston town meeting was not "1632," but 1635, and the date of the colonial law was not "1679," but 1649.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES at the Church of the Disciples. Rev Dr. Walker will preach on Sunday evening. feb16

☞ *Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen.* The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt towards the funds of the above Society of the following sums.

Society in Nashua, N. H., by the hands of S. G. Bulfinch, $20 00
J. B. Allen, 5 00
Geo. M. Rice, 1 00
E. S. Gannett, 10 00
Channing Circle, to constitute Rev. E. S. Gannett, a Life Director of the Society, 100 00
Andrews Norton, 100 00
feb16 E. PEABODY, Treasurer.

In Sharon, Vermont, 8th inst, at the residence of Chester Baxter, Esq., David Gurney Deane, formerly of this city, and youngest son of Mr Jacob Deane of Mansfield, Mass., aged 34 years 3 months and 10 days.

Deceased this life in Oxford, Ohio, Jan. 31st, 1850, at 9 o'clock, A. M., after a long and painful illness, which she bore with patience and Christian resignation, Mrs Salla Kidder, wife of Nath'l. Kidder, Esq., and daughter of the late Dr Israel Atherton of Lancaster, Mass., 70.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

☞ The Standing Committee of the Massachusetts Cincinnati Society, are hereby notified, to meet in the UNITED STATES HOTEL, on *Monday*, March 4, 1850, at *Ten* o'clock.
ADAMS BAILEY, Recorder.
Boston, Feb. 9, 1850.

☞ The Treasurer of the Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society, acknowledges the receipt of Fifty Dollars, being the Annual Contribution of the Ladies' of Rev. Mr. Peabody's Society, in Portsmouth, N. H. feb16

☞ OVERSEERS OF HARVARD COLLEGE. An adjourned meeting of the Overseers of Harvard College will be held on Wednesday, February 21st, at twelve o'clock, in the Senate Chamber. ALEXANDER YOUNG, Secretary.
Boston, February 16th, 1850.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. The Fifth Lecture of this course, will be delivered in Bedford Street Church, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock.
Subject. Sin—Its Origin, Properties, Effects. feb16

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, at the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Church, at 7 o'clock.
Question: What have been the results of Sunday Schools,—their influence upon the community and the Christian Church?
feb16 T. GAFFIELD, Sec'ry.

☞ WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION. The Quarterly Meeting will take place on Monday next, (Feb. 18th,) at the House of Rev. G. F. Hill, Hubbardston, at 4, P. M.
Public services in the Evening.
feb16 HENRY F. BOND, Scribe.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

☞ The Superintendents of the several Sunday Schools are requested to meet at No. 1 Otis Place, (Mrs. Fletcher's,) on Tuesday evening next, the 19th instant, at 7½ o'clock.
In behalf of the Children's Mission.
feb16 J. E. WILLIAMS, for the Executive Committee.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, at the Bulfinch Street Church, on Sunday evening, Feb. 10, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Thomas W. Tuttle of Dorchester, to Miss Martha Ann Barnes

Jan. 31, by Rev. Mr Fox, Mr Monroe A. Blanchard to Miss Susan B., daughter of Mr Alexander Vannevar

Feb. 4, Daniel Taylor Randall of Louisville, Ky., to Sarah Augusta, daughter of Joseph M. Sherburne, Esq., of this city.

Feb. 5, Mr Walter McPherson of Boston to Miss Oria Bell of Haverhill, N. H.

Mr Andrew H Curry of Woburn, to Miss Margaret A. Sloan of Boston.

In Quincy, Feb. 3, Mr Joseph Barr of Boston to Miss Sarah J., youngest daughter of Eleazer Frederick, Esq., of Q.

In South Reading, Feb. 6, by Rev Reuben Emerson, Mr George O. Carpenter, of the firm of Banker, Crocker, & Co., Boston, to Miss Evelina J., youngest daughter of Thomas Emerson Esq., a I of S. R.

In Framingham, Jan. 22, Josiah Fay, Esq., of Lancaster, to Miss Abby Carter of F.

In Nashua, N. H., Jan. 21, Mr Roswell A. Coolidge of Watertown, Mass. to Miss Rebecca Coggin of Milford.

In Nashville, N. H., Mr Samuel L. Green of North Malden, Mass., to Miss Eliza Ann Woodward of Stoneham, Mass.

In Cranston, R. I., Jan. 24, Capt. Cyrus Sturdivant of Portland, Me., to Miss Sophia A., daughter of the late Chester Clark, Esq., of Providence.

DEATHS.

In this city, Feb. 11, Mr Joseph E. Stickney, 31 years 2 months.

Feb. 1, Harriet, daughter of Joseph B. and Caroline T. Tilton, 8 mos.

Feb. 1, Annie Earle, daughter of Samuel and Lucy Holbrook, 17.

In Dorchester, Feb. 5, Mrs Elizabeth R., wife of Francis A. Fuller, and daughter of the late Samuel Adams Wells, 31.

In Charlestown, Feb 3, Eunice M., wife of John E. Shaw, 30 yrs 7 mos; 4th, Ellen A., son of John and Mary Wright, 1 year 3 mos 24 days.

In East Boston, Jan. 26, from an accidental injury received the day previous, Ashby Morgan, Esq., of Wilton, N. H., 62.

In Cambridge, Feb. 2, Rose, youngest child of James R. and Maria Lowell, 6 mos 16 days.

In Milton, Feb. 10, Mrs Sarah Littlefield, 70.

In Malden, Jan. 27, Mrs Ann Cossington, 80, the last of the grandchildren of Rev John Moorhead, first pastor of the Federal Street Church, Boston.

In Brighton, N. Y., Capt. Jacob Gould, 85, formerly of Boxford, Mass.

In Saxonville, 31st ult, Elizabeth N., youngest daughter of Henry Richardson, Esq., 21.

In Providence, Feb 7, Major Samuel McClellan, an officer of the revolution, 90.

OBITUARIES.

MR. EZRA LINCOLN.

Among the estimable men who have, of late, suddenly passed from among us, we would name with great respect the late Mr. EZRA LINCOLN, who died at his residence in Myrtle Street, in this city, Feb. 1. The acquaintance of the writer with Mr. Lincoln commenced twenty-nine years ago. Being recommended for his faithfulness and integrity he was employed to print for us the first number of the CHRISTIAN REGISTER, which was issued from his office as a specimen number, in April, 1821. The feelings of respect and confidence with which his fair dealing, integrity and friendliness inspired us then, have remained unabated. A correspondent of the Boston Courier, whose opportunity of acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln far exceeded ours, bears the following testimony to his worth.

"He was scrupulous, beyond any other within my knowledge, to fulfil all that was required by contract, and to perform all that could reasonably be desired, whether *set down in the bond*, or not."

"Mr. Lincoln had been several times a member of the City Council, and a representative in the Legislature. In all business matters he was accurate, shrewd and upright, and well qual fied to perform any public service that his fellow-citizens thought proper to be entrusted to his care."

"Industry, fidelity, prudence and economy, were fixed and unaffected characteristics of his hand, heart, and head. These qualities enabled him to acquire property, to educate a family, and to establish a reputation among his fellow-citizens, to which his children and friends may refer with affectionate pride."

MRS. ELLEN ALMIRA LOW.

Died, at Brooklyn, N.Y., on the morning of Friday, the 25th ult. after a short illness, ELLEN ALMIRA, wife of A. Abbott Low, and daughter of Josiah Dow, formerly of Brooklyn, now of Wakefield, N. H., in the 27th year of her age.

We copy the following detached passages of a notice of this excellent lady, from the New York Inquirer, of the 2d instant.

"The great element in her character, which was the source and foundation of its sterling excellence, was her thorough Christian conscientiousness.

"This conscientiousness, joined to a most grateful and joyous piety and a clear and unbounding faith, was conspicuous during the brief illness which closed her life on earth. Her sensibilities were of the acutest and tenderest kind; and when it became apparent to her—as it did before any, even her physicians, were alarmed for the issue—that she must die, she seems at once to have felt that she could not trust the little strength which remained, for interviews with the numerous dear ones whom she had loved, but that for the sake of himself and of their children, it must be saved for her husband. She had no personal preparation to make for death—her life had prepared her for that. But she had thoughts of those, whom she was to leave with him motherless; thoughts of the past in their united lives—thoughts full of gratitude and peace—and thoughts of the future, now that they were to be parted; and while she breathed, as fully as in her weakness she could, into his own ear, the last precious legacy from her, who had made his home and his life so happy.

"The testimony of her attending physician was, that it was indeed "a great privilege to be by the side of such a death-bed." He had never, in all his experience, witnessed such a scene. Not a murmur, not a word of regret, he said, had escaped her throughout. In her earliest consciousness that death was near, she said in her sweetest manner, "I am very happy." More than once, she spoke of everything being so ha py with her; and gave repeated assurance of her happiness and peace. She spoke of what God had done for, and given her in life, and declared that her cup had been full and running over. Everything, indeed, around and before her on earth, was clothed in brightness and joy, but she was resigned to God's will, and ready to leave all. She was young, and lovely, and beloved; the bond between her husband and herself had been strengthening to that very hour; a group of children, two of either sex, waited to share and reward her care and affection; a large circle of kindred and friends felt it a joy to meet her; and God's bounty had been poured out upon her in all which the world good will knows—still she was prepared to part from all.

As life was thus ebbing, the knowledge that the cloud of sorrow had been lifted from a beloved sister, seemed to come upon her with renewed force, and words could not express her gratitude for this crowning blessing. With no repining, with no complaint, when she could but feebly articulate, she said, "I am content."

"God," she had said before—referring to the many means of earthly happiness which she had shared, and which would have been hers, had she lived—"God was removing her from a state of temptation;" her consciousness of being exposed to which, had conspired to keep her so alive to her duties. In the clearness of her intellect, her faith remained serene and cloudless. She adverted once briefly to her hope in Christ, and ended by repeating a text, which, with her, was a favorite one: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." She incidentally paid a most touching tribute to that maternal fidelity, which had guided her youth and led her to repose her trust in God, when she said to her physician, "I early learned on whom to lean through the dark valley!" And but a little while before her speech failed, she said to a sister who spoke to her of Christ, 'I see my Saviour." The last act of her life was devoutly to bless and name her unconscious infant; and as devoutly to bless him whom she felt had, under God, made that life so happy."

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"LITERARY

POETRY.

The following two poems, relating to the same subject, were written, one by a mother, the other by a father, and both have the same beautiful spirit.

TO F——L——.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little rill from memory swelled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep,
Was told to us by one we love:

"They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The Shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie—

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed!"

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free,
O'er frozen brooks, that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom, to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "*Arise and follow me.*"

[Christian Inquirer.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good Allfather
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father,
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

J. R. L.

[Anti-Slavery Standard.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INSTRUCTIVE CASE OF INTEMPERANCE AND SUICIDE.

The English newspapers bring detailed accounts of the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Thomas Morton, an eminent member of the medical profession in London, who terminated his own life, on the first day of November, by means of Prussic acid, at the age of 36. He held the office of Surgeon to the University College Hospital, and Surgeon to the Queen's Bench Prison: and was widely known and highly esteemed as a man of superior intellect, benevolence and honor. His home was graced with an estimable wife and child, his pecuniary circumstances were easy, and his professional prospects all that he desired. But the disclosures at the coroner's inquest left no room to doubt that he had become a slave to private intemperance, and that the mortification arising from the consciousness of this fact had driven him to temporary madness and suicide. Among the documents submitted, was a kind of diary of rules and reflections on this subject, which he had penned at various times during the last four or five months. The following are extracts—

"Shun wine, beer and spirits,
To drink little or no beer or wine.
No wine or beer.
Pray morning, noon and night, to be strong against the temptation.
It is the system of "Well, one glass more," which breaks a man down.
Beer or wine makes a man heavy, bilious, bad tempered, violent, and next day feeble.
Remember the happy lightsomeness of a water-drinker.
I fail because I am not firm to resist temptation. Also, because I try myself and run into danger.
Let me not forget my dreadful feelings (*delirium tremens*) after taking two or three pints of ale. Drink only water, and never exceed of beer one pint or one glass. When I fail it is by thoughtlessness and want of firmness, also that I can stand a good deal of beer. The health, temper, and character of a beer-drinker are undermined. I am better on water. I never was so happy as on water. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and live on water.
I have only to remember my dreadful sufferings the mornings after taking so much beer or wine. Low, suicidal feelings, despondent and gloomy thoughts, pulse 100 to 120, head dizzy, limbs tremulous, pains about heart, flatfulness and eructations, incapacity for duty of any kind, temper irritable and overbearing, expensive habits, loss of time, forgetfulness of engagements, everything in disorder, and all for what? *Because I choose to take two pints of ale or half a bottle of wine.*

Mr. Ereichsen, a surgeon, who examined the head of deceased, testified that the attachnoid was in that morbid condition often found in persons of intemperate habits and which leads to irritability and despondency of mind. He died in his bed with an open Bible in his hand, which the servant testified he was much in the habit of reading. The servants had noticed for a month the strangeness of his appearance, irritable temper, occasional staggering, forgetfulness, low spirits, &c.

We have felt a particular interest in this case, from the opportunity it has afforded to bring out the defective and unphilosophical views which unhappily prevail in the religious circles of England, with regard to the use of the temperance pledge, and the extent of obligation resting on the strong to take the pledge themselves in aid of the infirmities of the weak. The British Banner entitles its editorial comments on the case, "The Pledge Wanted," and remarks:

"Who can doubt that the total abstainer's pledge would have been the preservation of Mr. Morton? Its ready adoption is the sure and only safeguard for that very numerous class of men, who, with every feeling of self reproach, are yet unable, unassisted by some such preventive check, always to resist a temptation of perpetual recurrence, and to break through the fetters gradually forged, and at length riveted by indulgence in a debasing habit. Whether or not, as the more rigid advocates of temperance maintain, it be the duty of every well wisher of his species to abstain entirely from any intoxicating beverage, there can be no question as to its propriety and urgent necessity in such cases as that of Mr. Morton."

Who can doubt that if the religious and literary friends by whom Mr. Morton was surrounded, had joined him in taking the pledge, his valuable life would have been spared for years of usefulness and honor? [N. Y. Independent.

THEY SAY—

Well, what if they do? It may not be true. A great many false reports are circulated, and the reputation of a good man may be sadly sullied by a baseless rumor. Have you any reason to believe that what they say concerning your brother is true? If not, why should you permit your name to be included among the "they" who circulate a scandal?

They say——. Who says? Is any person responsible for the assertion? Such phrases are frequently used to conceal the point of an enemy's poignard, who thus meanly strikes one whom he dare not openly assail. Are you helping the cowardly attack? If "*they*" means nobody, then regard the rumor as nothing.

They say——. Why do they say so? Is any good purpose secured by the circulation of the report? Will it benefit the individual to have it known; or will any interests of society be promoted by whispering it about? If not, you had better employ time and speech to some more worthy purpose.

They say——. To whom do they say it?—To those who have no business with the affair? To those who cannot help it or mend it, or prevent any unpleasant results? That certainly shows a tattling, scandal-loving spirit that ought to be rebuked.

They say——. Well, do they say it to him? Or are they very careful to whisper it in places where he cannot hear, and to persons who are known not to be his friends? Would they dare to say it to him, as well as about him? No one has a right to say that concerning another which he is not ready to speak in his own ear.

They say——. Well suppose it is true.—Are you not sorry for it; or do you rejoice that a brother has been discovered erring? Oh, pity him if he has fallen into sin, and pray for him that he may be forgiven and restored.

If it should be true, don't bruit it abroad to his injury. It will not benefit you, or him, nor society, to publish his faults. You are as liable to be slandered, or err, as your brother, and as ye would that he should defend, or excuse, or forgive you, do ye even so to him. [Watchman and Reflector.

HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF DUELLING.

Debate in the Kentucky Convention.—There is no community which will better illustrate the practice and extreme folly of duelling, than the State of Kentucky. In the debate of the Kentucky Convention, we observe that some of the ablest men there have arrayed themselves against that foolish as well as wicked practice. Among them is the Hon. Ben Harding, from whose speech we extract the following correct account of this extraordinary practice.

In the course of my readings as to the history of mankind, I have turned my attention some little to this subject: and, sir, from the days of Nimrod, the mighty hunter of Babylon, down to about three hundred years ago, I have not found a single instance when a private, personal quarrel was stilled by a duel. In every case where there were personal combats, they were for public, and not private considerations. The private combats before the walls of Troy, and the walls of Jerusalem, were fought by men in each of the armies opposed to each other and in behalf of each army. Such was the character of the case referred to by the gentleman, (Mr. Nutall,) between the three brothers of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*. There the fate of the battle, it was agreed, should turn upon their success. There is no instance of the modern duel presented until we come down to the day when Francis I, of France, gave the challenge to Charles V, King of Spain and Emperor of Germany. There the practice took its origin and it has been in existence ever since. And why is it? Because there is a notion, a ridiculous kind of opinion going abroad, invisible, intangible, and which no man can touch, called the code of honor, which compels a man to fight in certain cases. Thus: do you want to kill me? No. Do I want to kill you? No. But there is some imaginary insult—some supposed injury, and some sickly sensibility feels itself insulted, and asks for an explanation. The man who is asked feels a little too proud to give it and the parties correspond a little, and finally fight—and all about nothing.

We know that duelling does not stop killing in the streets, or assassination in the highways. No sir, this is a mistake, and nothing will stop it but a sense of certain, positive, and speedy punishment. And how are we to stop the practice of duelling? We are to furnish men who are in doubt as to a point of honor, with a competent apology for avoiding a duel. That is all we want. There is not a man in the world, enjoying health, and who has friends and connexions around him, that does not love life. Look at the man in the last agonies of death, and see how he clings to life. And why? Because he loves life. And yet a false notion of honor, or rather a false public opinion, will force the man in fine health to hazard his life to a false notion of honor.—Frederick the Great, of Prussia, was one of the ablest and bravest men who ever fought at the head of an army, and yet, what did he say to the duelist? Why, that if a duel was fought, he would hang all concerned in it, and if he could find out where was the place of meeting, he would go there himself with his hangman, and hang up the survivor without a trial. Has not Great Britain lately hung up several men who fell victims in duels? A Colonel Campbell there, killed a man in a duel, not long since, and was hung. And other instances might be mentioned.

And Kentucky is the only country where no man has ever been punished for giving, accepting, carrying a challenge, or killing his antagonist in a duel. What inroads have been made in the family of Alexander Pope, my old friend, with whom I practiced law until he died, by the duelling propensities of those two young men, Henry and Fountain Pope! One was killed in Arkansas, and the other near Louisville, without any cause, if the parties had understood each other. The parties stood at a distance of thirty yards, with shot guns. Did I not know, while in Washington, Barron and Decatur, two of the first men at that period in America, come up in mortal array, within sixteen feet of each other, because one was near-sighted, and the rule was that both should take deliberate sight before the word to fire was given? They both fired and fell with their heads not ten feet apart from each other. And before they were taken from the ground each expected both to die; they spoke to each other, and a reconciliation took place. They blessed each other and declared there was nothing between them. All that was required to have prevented the meeting was an explanation between them.

There was the case also of McCarty and Mason, own cousins, who fought one of the most murderous duels on record, because McCarty voting for another man, Mason, being a candidate, felt aggrieved, and challenged his vote on the ground of not being twenty-one. McCarty first proposed they should set over a keg of powder and set fire to it, but Mason declined. Next he proposed they should go to the top of the capitol and hand in hand jump from the parapet wall to the ground, a distance of ninety feet. This Mason also declined. Then McCarty proposed they should fight with muskets with three balls apiece, which Mason accepted, and then they went out and fought eight feet apart—about nothing. McCarty has told me that the duel was forced upon him by one of Mason's seconds. Such are the bloody scenes which illustrate this code of honor, as it is styled.

A Beautiful Touch of Nature. On Monday morning three Germans, evidently working men, went to the Astor House, and asked to see the Hungarians. They were immediately introduced, and remained some time in conversation with Gov. Ujhazy and family.—Finally two of them withdrew and left the third, who continued to talk, but seemed to have something to say which he could not easily get out. At last, addressing M'lle Clara, the daughter of Mr. Ujhazy, he said that as exiles, who were remote from country and friends, and whose property had been confiscated in consequence of their devotion to freedom and the people's rights, they must be in an embarrassed condition. Then drawing from his pocket a bank note, he said: "Fraulein, this is but little, for I am a poor man, and have only what I earn, but I could not refrain from giving the tribute of my mite to you. Receive this, I beg you, as the heart-offering of a workman to the defenders of liberty."

M'lle Ujhazy, who had not expected any thing of this kind and was rather embarrassed, replied in a tone of emotion, that she was deeply grateful for such kindness, but that they were not in a condition to ask it, when her father said: "Take it, my daughter, and feel thyself and us all more honored than if a monarch had bestowed millions upon thee!" at the same time warmly pressing the hand of the noble laborer and assuring him that they could never forget him. We leave our readers to imagine the scene, only remarking that if there was a dry eye in the room we could not say where it was: [Tribune.

Walking with God. I love poverty, because Jesus Christ loved it. I love wealth, because it gives the means of assisting the wretched. I wish to deal faithfully with all men. I render no evil to those who have done evil to me, but I wish them a condition similar to my own, in which they would not receive from the greater portion of men either good or evil. I am to be always true, just, and open towards all men. I have tenderness of heart towards those whom God has more strictly united to me. Whether I am alone or in the sight of men, I have before me in all my actions, the view of God who will judge them, and to whom I have consecrated them all. These are my feelings; and I bless my Redeemer every day of my life, who has planted them in me, and who, from a man full of weakness, misery, lust, pride, and ambition, has formed one victorious over these evils by the power of that grace to which I owe everything, since in myself there is nothing but fear and misery. [Pascal.

Beautiful Ignorance. A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to Church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon. 'And what good can the preaching do you,' said he 'if you forget it all?' 'Ah, sir,' replied the poor woman, 'if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put the water on it, the sun dries it all up; and yet, *I see it gets whiter and whiter.*

A Black Statue to Thomas Carlyle.—Pleasant is it to record the ready gratitude of bodies of men. Well, Thomas Carlyle, the man who, with his iron pen, pricks 'wind-bags;" who, with his Vulcanic fist, knocks down the giant "Sham,"—Thomas Carlyle is to be rewarded by the West India planters for his late advocacy of "beneficent whip," and the Kentuckian wrath with which he has all but destroyed emancipated "Black Quashee," the wretch who will not work among sugar canes, unless well paid for his sweat, preferring to live upon pumpkin! to be, in fact, a free, luxurious citizen of accursed Pumpkindom. Thomas Carlyle is to be vicariously executed in black marble, and to stand in the most conspicuous spot of the island of Jamaica, with a pumpkin fashioned into a standish in one hand, and the sugar-cane pointed and nibbed into a pen in the other.

So should it be done unto the man whom the slaveholder delights to honor.

There will be copies in little—statuettes—for the American market, to grace the mantel-shelf of the Virginian man-buyer. [Punch.

Mercy. Mercy is goodness in tears. Goodness is kind to the good; Mercy is kind to the bad. Goodness extendeth a helping hand to him that can already walk; Mercy to him that is prostrate and cannot rise. Goodness makes good men out of nothing; Mercy makes good men out of bad men. Goodness puts living men in a beautiful garden and bids them dress it; Mercy erects the cross and bids dying men look and live. Goodness gives to the younger son the portion of goods that falleth to him; Mercy sees the prodigal a great way off, and has compassion, and runs, and falls on his neck, and kisses him. He that makes light of Goodness sins; he that makes light of Mercy is doubly damned. [New York Recorder.

VOICE OF WISDOM AND AGE.

"Permit me finally to add, that, in my apprehension, the best way to be useful and happy in this life, is to cultivate the domestic affections—to love home—and, at the same time, to exercise a benevolent disposition towards others—to be temperate and just—to pursue lawful business, whatever it may be, with diligence, firmness and integrity of purpose, and in the perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the discharge of public as of private trusts: for, when public morals are destroyed, public liberty cannot survive.

"If we are aspiring, we ought not to lose our diffidence; and if ardent for reforms, we ought not to lose our discretion. We ought to listen to the maxims of experience, and respect the advice and institutions of our ancestors, and, above all, we ought to have a constant and abiding sense of the superintending goodness of that Almighty Being, whose wisdom shines equally in His works and in His word, and whose presence is every where sustaining and governing the universe."—*Chancellor Kent.*

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Our readers must have noticed, before now, that the tone of remark and feeling with which clandestine marriages are commented upon in conversation, and by the press generally, is one of levity and undisguised satisfaction. It is commonly regarded as one of the best of jokes, if a foolish daughter of fifteen or sixteen years of age succeeds in outwitting father and mother, and runs off with a comparative stranger. Editorial wit is taxed to its extremest capability to render ridiculous the distress and anxiety of the bereaved father, as he follows his wandering child. And if fortune favors the runaways, and the knot is tied before the parent can interpose a warning word, the general joy is rapturous. It is a triumph of young love over stern, unsympathising, tyrannical household authority, which call for the merriest celebration. Or, if the idea should occur to any, that all is not quite right in such cavalier treatment of parents, it is soon apologised for by the sage observation that young folks will be young folks.

Take it all in all, a stranger to our manners and customs would be likely to infer that parental rule and council implied something very dreadful and oppressive, and that the young ladies of the land were held in a home bondage of the most unjust and ungenerous character.

At the risk of being regarded as very old-fashioned, we shall nevertheless acknowledge that we rarely can see anything of the nature of a good joke in a clandestine or runaway wedding. We confess to a feeling of sadness and evil foreboding, when we hear that a girl who is a mere child has made up her mind to repudiate the love and anxious care of the mother who bore her, and of the father who has cherished her as his life—that she has turned her face away from the altar of home, from the nest of her infancy, and put herself into the hands of a man whom her parents dare not trust.

We need hardly remark that marriage is the great event in woman's life, from which all other events take their coloring. If she err here, her whole life is one of unvailing penance, of scalding tears, of sharp and blighting sorrow. She cannot go back and undo her fault; she dare not look to the future, for it is all desolate to her. These things being so, it follows that a young lady should yield her hand and heart only after the most prudent and cautious forethought. She should avail herself of the wisdom and experience of those who love her, and above all, of her parents, and after all, she will feel that the chances are sufficiently numerous that she may still make an unwise choice.

But, in most clandestine marriages, the girl is a child, ignorant of the world; without experience; deficient in judgment; her mind probably filled with false notions and fanciful day-dreams, derived from novels and romances. She meets with a young man at a party, or a ball, or, no matter where, who seems interested in her, and she is flattered by his apparent admiration. He conducts her home; calls on her the next day; repeats his call, and they are thenceforth in love, if they were not at the first glance.—They have become the Romeo and Juliet of what is a play in the outset, but a tragedy in its close.

The incompetence of the young girl to estimate the character of her lover, is perfectly apparent to every one but herself. It is enough for her that he appears to love her sincerely and ardently. He proposes marriage to her, and is probably accepted without reference to the parents. He entreats that an early day may be named for their union. If there is any doubt of her parents' concurrence, this is granted too; and if parental objections or difficulties threaten to interpose, an elopement is the next question agitated and agreed to. They are consoled by the thought that there is something romantic in a runaway match; and that such things are rather praised than condemned; and beside, after all is over, it will not be difficult to make up with father and mother.

A reflecting woman would see that the young man who sues for her love without the sanction of her parents, gives *prima facie* evidence that something is wrong about him; something that shuns the light and fears investigation. A woman in her right mind would say, "My parents I know and confide in; they love me and my happiness; their lot in life is bound up with mine, so that if I err, they will be wretched. They shall be my counsellors. I will not trust my own too partial eye to investigate my lover's character, and I will refer it to them." Such would be any prudent girl's course, and such a course would seldom, if ever, end in an elopement.

But such is not the course of that large class of young girls who figure in runaway matches. And the consequence is, that such girls fall an easy prey to the thousands of genteel loafers, worthless, portionless and heartless vagrants, who contrive to keep up a respectable exterior by preying upon society.

While we write these lines, we think of the multitudes of once young, thoughtless girls who have fallen into such hands, and found, after a few months of married life, their terrible mistake. They see when it is too late—they realise when there is no remedy for it, that they have plunged into an abyss of misery, instead of stepping into a heaven of earthly bliss, and now casting themselves once more upon the parental bosom, exclaim, in a concert of agony, "Would that we had never wandered hence!"

[N. Y. Organ.

FOR CHILDREN.

TIT FOR TAT.

A great lubberly boy had got a small 'puplet,' apparently but a few months old, of which he was trying to make a 'water dog,' although the poor beast had no more of the water species in him than a cat. The boy first threw a chip in, and then ordered the dog 'to go and fetch it.'—The little fellow looked up in the boy's face and wagged his tail. The order was repeated; when the dog still hesitating, the lubber seized him by the tail and threw him into the middle of the pond.

The little animal scrambled to the shore again as well as he was able, where, moaning and shivering with the cold, he crawled up to his master, and endeavored to lick his feet. Kicks and buffets, despite our remonstrance, repaid him for this demonstration of love; and then followed another order 'to go and fetch it.' The dog now tried to call away, when the boy seized him by the neck, and stood ready to give him another plunge. As he held him for an instant, the poor creature turned his head, as well as he was able, and gazing in his master's face, said so piteously, by his looks, 'O don't do so again!' that nothing but an extra share of inhumanity could have prompted the boy to repeat the outrage.

The dumb appeal was disregarded. He was again thrown into the dock, and was most probably injured by the fall, for he floundered about in a circle for three or four minutes, as if bewildered, and afterward sank several times before reaching the shore. When he got to land again, he staggered a few paces, and then fell exhausted on the pavement. The boy ran towards him, his face flushed with passion, and was about to inflict further chastisement on his victim, when a burley, good-natured, sailor-looking man, who had been quietly watching the affair, checked him.

"My lad, look here!" said he, pulling a large orange from his pocket, and holding it temptingly towards him. The boy paused, and looked wistfully at the fruit. His eye glistened as he put out his hand to clutch the proffered gift, when the sailor withdrew it, and tossed it into the middle of the dock. "Now, you young rascal!"—said he, turning to the boy, "*Now, sir, go and fetch it!*" The fellow shook his head, and began to step back. "Go and fetch it, I say," repeated the sailor, in a sterner voice, and advancing a step or two. The young rogue now turned on his heel, and was attempting to run, when Jack seized him by the seat of his trowsers and threw him plump into the middle of the dock, with as much ease, apparently, as he had done the orange. Our first impulse was to interfere in the matter; but, on a second thought, we came to the conclusion that as justice had already been done in the premises, things might as well remain as they were. [Knickerbocker.

How to Teach Children. If you find an error in the child's mind, follow it up till he is rid of it. If a word is spelled wrong, be sure that the class is right before it is dismissed. Repeat, and fix attention on the exact error, till it can never be committed again. One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones.—Time is of no consequence in comparison with the object. Give the child possession of one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes to him a centre of light. In all your teaching—no matter what time it takes—never leave your pupil till you know he has in his mind your exact thought.

How to be Happy. A little child, seven years old, one day said to her mother, "Mother, I have learned how to be happy, and I shall always be happy." "My dear" said her mother, "how can that be done?" She said, "It is by not caring about myself, but trying to make every body else happy." O! children, this is the way—*Love God, and love to do good all around you*, and you will be happy.

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[From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

"Gold Plate Work in Dentistry. Those who are interested in the onward progress of the mechanical part of dentistry, will read the communication from Dr. Morton, in the Journal of May 23d, with much satisfaction. We recently examined a specimen of the beautiful philosophical contrivance referred to, by which a plate, fitted to the roof of the mouth, actually sustained a weight of ten pounds, by the mere pressure of the atmosphere. If it is an old principle, it is certainly a very admirable one, which in this particular application, commends itself at sight. If our operators would obviate the swaying, sliding movement, which the tongue, in an imperfect cast of the region, gives to an upper set of artificial teeth, they would at once be influenced by the suggestions contained in this article. We discern the thanks of practitioners and the public for this improvement in the practice of dentistry."

[From the Christian Register.]

"The publisher of this paper would bear testimony to the successful operation of this invention, having, on a recent occasion, tried with his own hands, to remove one of these plates, and found himself unable to do it without applying more strength than he deemed prudent, though requested so to do. The opinion of the conductors of the Medical Journal, as to the importance of this invention, will be confirmed by the following quotation from a letter lately received by the proprietor of the Christian Register, from a highly respectable gentleman in Vermont, to whose wife a set was supplied.

"The manner of fitting gold plates for the insertion of teeth, by Dr. Morton, as witnessed by you the other day, was recently put to a very severe test. A staple was soldered to the plate before it was inserted in the mouth, and the following weights were raised upon the patients' erect jaw by the head, after a string had connected them together, without detaching it from the jaw. First, 1 lb.; 2nd—2 lbs.; 3d—5 lbs; 4th—7 lbs.; 5th—10 lbs. No heavier weight was attached, as it was feared it would irritate the jaw too much."

[From the Boston Courier.]

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[From the Daily Evening Transcript.]

"Gold Plates in Dentistry. We have witnessed a very perfect contrivance recently effected by Dr. W. T. G. Morton of this city, by which gold plates are adapted to the roof of the mouth, so that an upper set of teeth is retained in its place without the aid of rivets or appliances of any kind by the simple power of atmospheric pressure. So firmly was the plate attached by this process, that we could not by a strong pull with one hand, detach it from the mouth of the subject. The tenacity is such that the plate sustains a weight of many pounds without losing its hold. The process is as beautiful as it is simple."

[From the Boston Atlas.]

"We had an opportunity, a few days since, of examining the adaptation of a gold plate to the roof of the mouth of a young lady. It was done by Dr. Morton of this city, and reflects the highest credit on his skill, as a practical and scientific dentist. The plate was fitted with the most perfect exactness, and retained in its place with the greatest firmness, upon the principle of atmospheric pressure. Dr. Morton has succeeded perfectly in calling into requisition the element in which we live and move to aid in thus supplying a defect of nature upon a very simple, and at the same time, ingenious process. He deserves the thanks of the community for this successful application of his philosophic mind to the alleviation of the misfortunes of his fellow beings; and it adds another laurel to his brow, as a benefactor of mankind."

[From the Boston Weekly Journal.]

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[From the Christian Alliance and Family Visiter.]

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